

DOLL MAN



JULY No.23

10¢

meets
The **MINSTREL**,
musician
of
menace!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Famous BANNER FIREWORKS!

ZIP! BOOM! BANG! OH-Boy!

OVER 1000 PIECES—ONLY \$4.95

Retail Value \$13.25

BUZZ BOMBS • BLOCK BUSTERS • ZIG ZAG WHISTLES • FLASHLIGHT KRACKERS • JAP POP-BOTTLE SKY ROCKETS • SIREN AERIAL BOMBS

All your old favorites and several new items—to make a total of more than 1000 pieces. Every piece a thrill combination of noise and beauty.

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Other items in this giant assortment include Electric Cannon Salutes that will really rock you—Zig Zag Musical Salutes, Black Snakes, Cherry Bombs (good old-fashioned kind) . . . White Mule that really kicks, Silver and Gold Fountains, Silver Rain Torch, a beautiful piece—Battle in Clouds (up to 16 reports)—3 Shot Repeating Aerial Bombs, 2 Shot Repeating

Aerial Flash Bombs—Cone Fire of Red, White and Blue Display—Large Triangle Wheels, Sky Rockets that end in a majestic display of Red, White and Blue Stars—Zebra Flash Crackers—10 Ball Roman Candles—Comet Star Shells, the most beautiful night display ever offered and Sparklers for the little tots. Remember you get over 1000 pieces in all with a retail value of \$13.25 for only \$4.95.

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EVERY PIECE
A REAL
NOISE-MAKER

Aerial Bombs—Block Busters—Red Devils—Flash Salutes—Zig-Zag Musical Salutes—Flashlight Crackers—and many others. More than 1800 pieces—all for only \$4.95.

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This is a special package made up for those who want a colorful display with a minimum of noise. You will OH! and AH! as you watch these creations burst into a display of sheer beauty that is unsurpassed in fireworks history. Musical Vesuvius Flitter Fountains—Comet Star Shells—Flower Pots with Handles—Large Floral Shells—Triangle Spinning Wheels—Red-White-Blue Patriotic Colored Fire and Roman Candles are only some of the unusual pieces in this large assortment.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT DISPLAY OFFERED
ONLY \$4.95

QUICK ACTION COUNTS—ORDER NOW WHILE STOCKS ARE COMPLETE

This year we have greater facilities for serving you. There will be plenty for those who act quick. But orders are coming in fast and we do not want to disappoint anyone. So rush your order today—NOW.

CASH WITH ORDER—NO C. O. D's.

Send payment in full with order—Certified Check—Bank Draft or Money Order. If you send currency be sure to register letter. All shipments sent by Express F.O.B. Toledo. Give nearest express office if different from your town.

BIG NEW CATALOG IN COLOR FREE!

Quick Action ORDER! BLANK!

BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 164
446 West Capistrano TOLEDO 12, OHIO

Enclosed find . . . \$ for which ship me . . .
Big Combination offers as checked below.

() No. 1 Big Deluxe Assortment . . . \$4.95
() No. 2 Giant Kracker Assortment . . . \$4.95
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BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 164 446 CAPISTRANO TOLEDO 12, OHIO

The DOLL MAN

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
OF BEETHOVEN'S
• FIFTH SYMPHONY •

VALUE
\$50,000



Everyone agreed that this was the social event of the season...

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THE DEBUT OF Rodolfo Bohanini, WORLD-FAMED CONDUCTOR, IN A RENDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY...

and Martha Roberts was properly excited...

THE MUSIC CRITIC FOR THE NEWSPAPER CAN'T GO! SO THE EDITOR CHOSE ME! ISN'T IT JUST TOO WONDERFUL?

I HEAR THE VIOLIN SECTION IS GOING TO PLAY ON GENUINE STRADIVARIUSES! THEY'RE GOING ALL OUT ON PUBLICITY FOR THIS SHOW!

AND WHY NOT? IT'S RODOLFO BOHANINI'S DEBUT IN THIS COUNTRY! ONLY THE VERY BEST PEOPLE WILL BE THERE!

SOUNDS AWFULLY DULL TO ME! I CAN'T STAND THESE ULTRA-FORMAL AFFAIRS... EVERYONE TAKES HIMSELF TOO SERIOUSLY!

That night, at the concert...

HO-HUM! DARREL WAS RIGHT! THIS IS DULL AND STUFFY!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DARREL DANE! YOU HAVE NO APPRECIATION OF THE FINER THINGS! YOU LACK CULTURE!

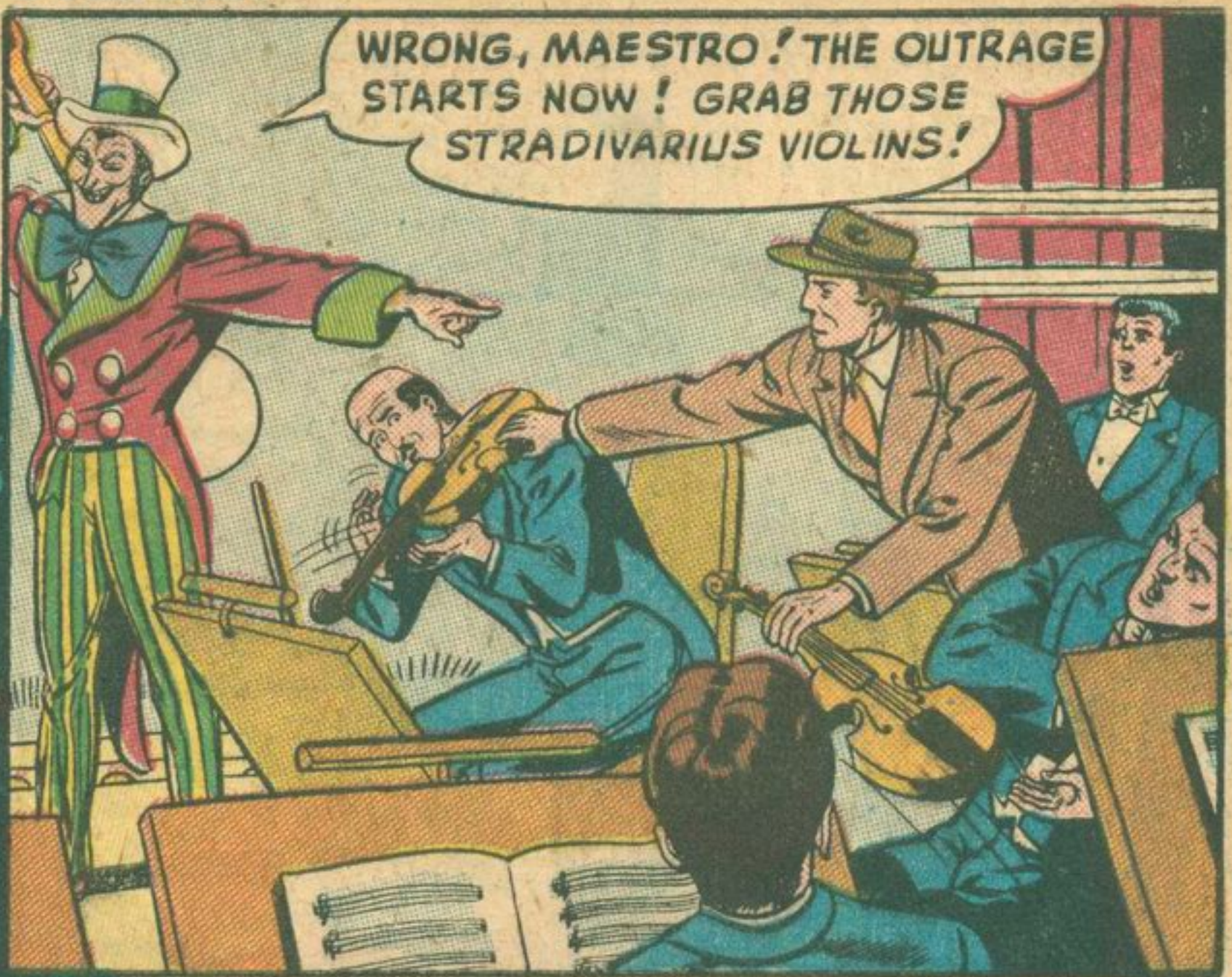
I'M JUST A LOW-BROW, I GUESS! BUT HAVE A GOOD TIME, ANYWAY!

I ALMOST WISH SOMETHING UNEXPECTED WOULD HAPPEN TO SHAKE EVERYONE OUT OF HIS COMPLACENCY! BUT WHAT CAN HAPPEN HERE?

And then, as though in answer to Martha's unspoken wish...

YIPPEEE!

WHO'S THAT?



Several days later, at the Gallery of Music...

I TELL YOU, MARTHA, I'M A LOST CAUSE! NONE OF THIS ARTY STUFF MAKES ANY IMPRESSION ON ME!

YOU JUST HAVEN'T ANY IMAGINATION, DARREL!

CAN'T YOU IMAGINE BEETHOVEN SITTING ALONE IN HIS STUDY? SUDDENLY INSPIRATION SEIZES HIM! HE STARTS WRITING DOWN THESE IMMORTAL NOTES AND...

PLINK-A-PLUNK!
PLUNK-A-PLINK!
PLING!

GOOD HEAVENS!

A SQUAD OF ... MINSTREL MEN!

PLUNK-A-PLINK!
PLUNK-A-PLINK!

HA-HA! AREN'T THEY THE CUTEST LITTLE TOYS?

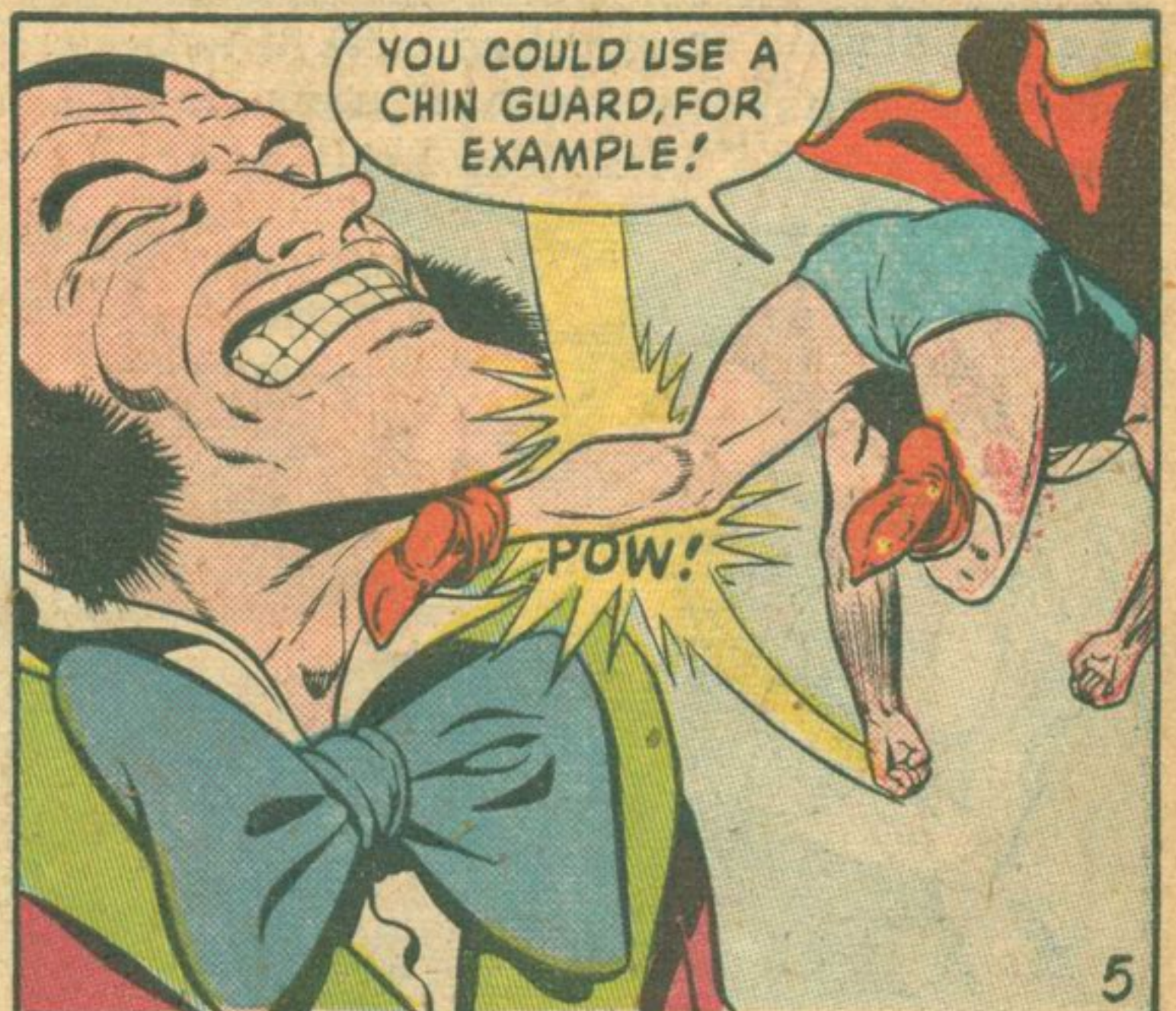
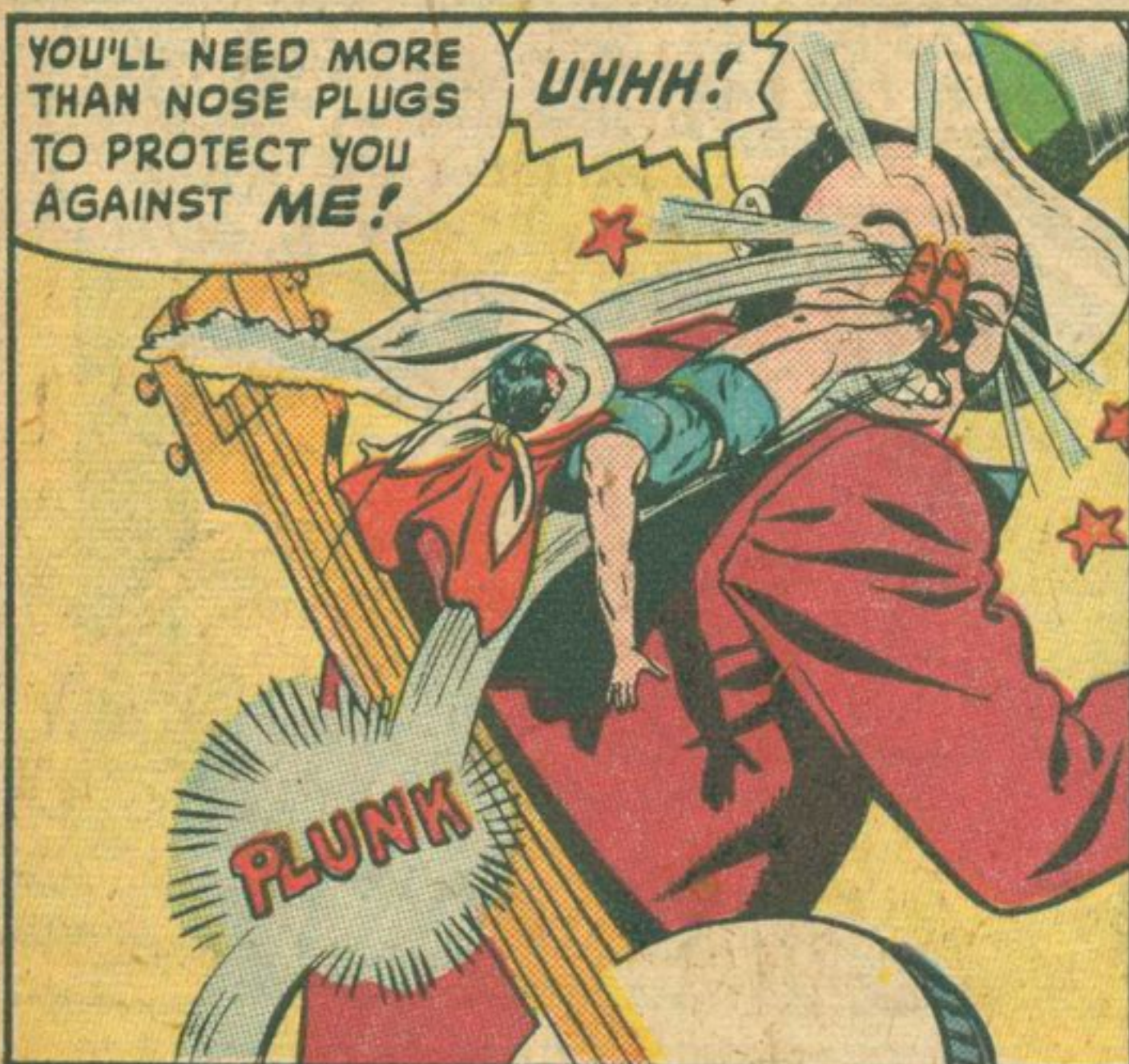
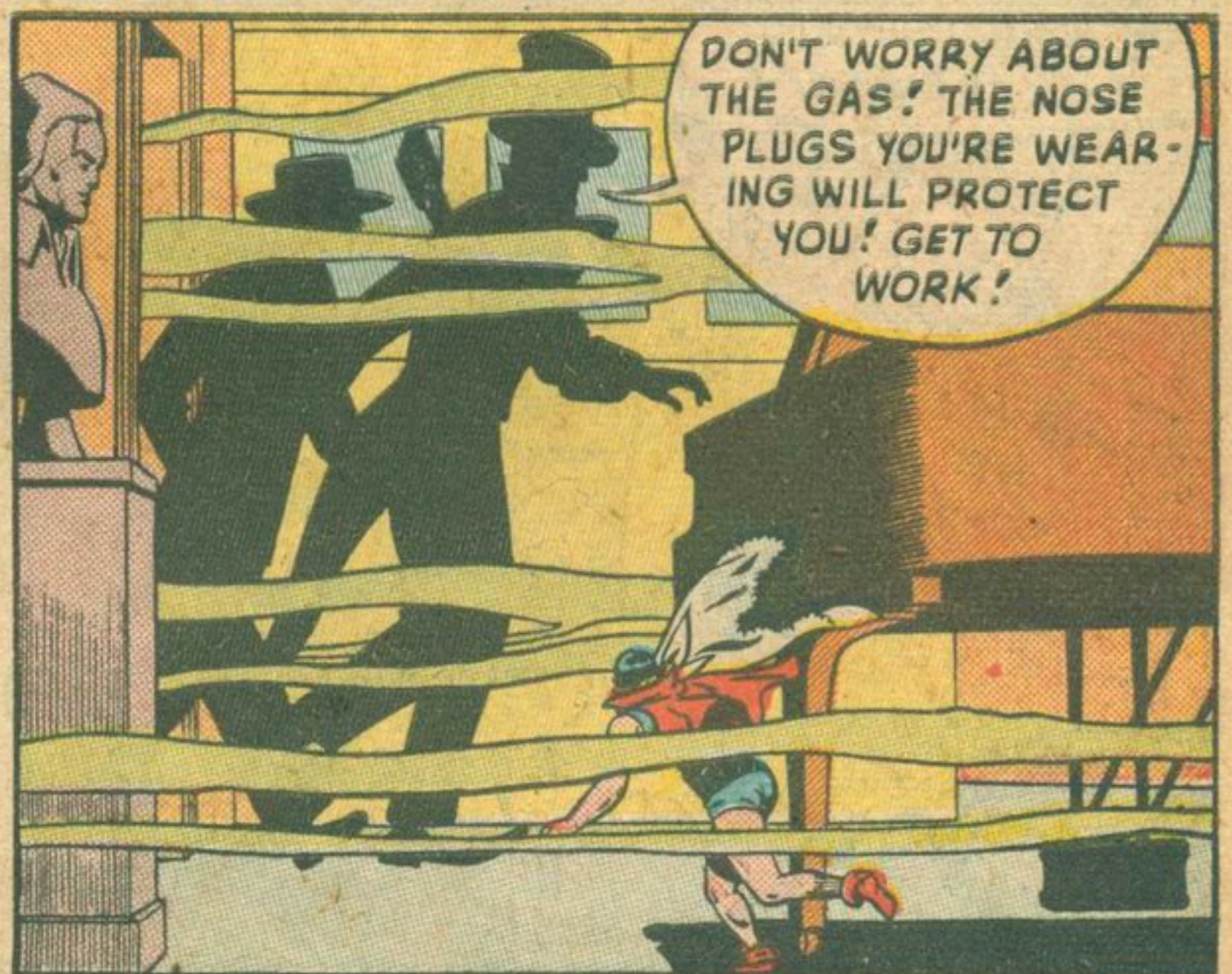
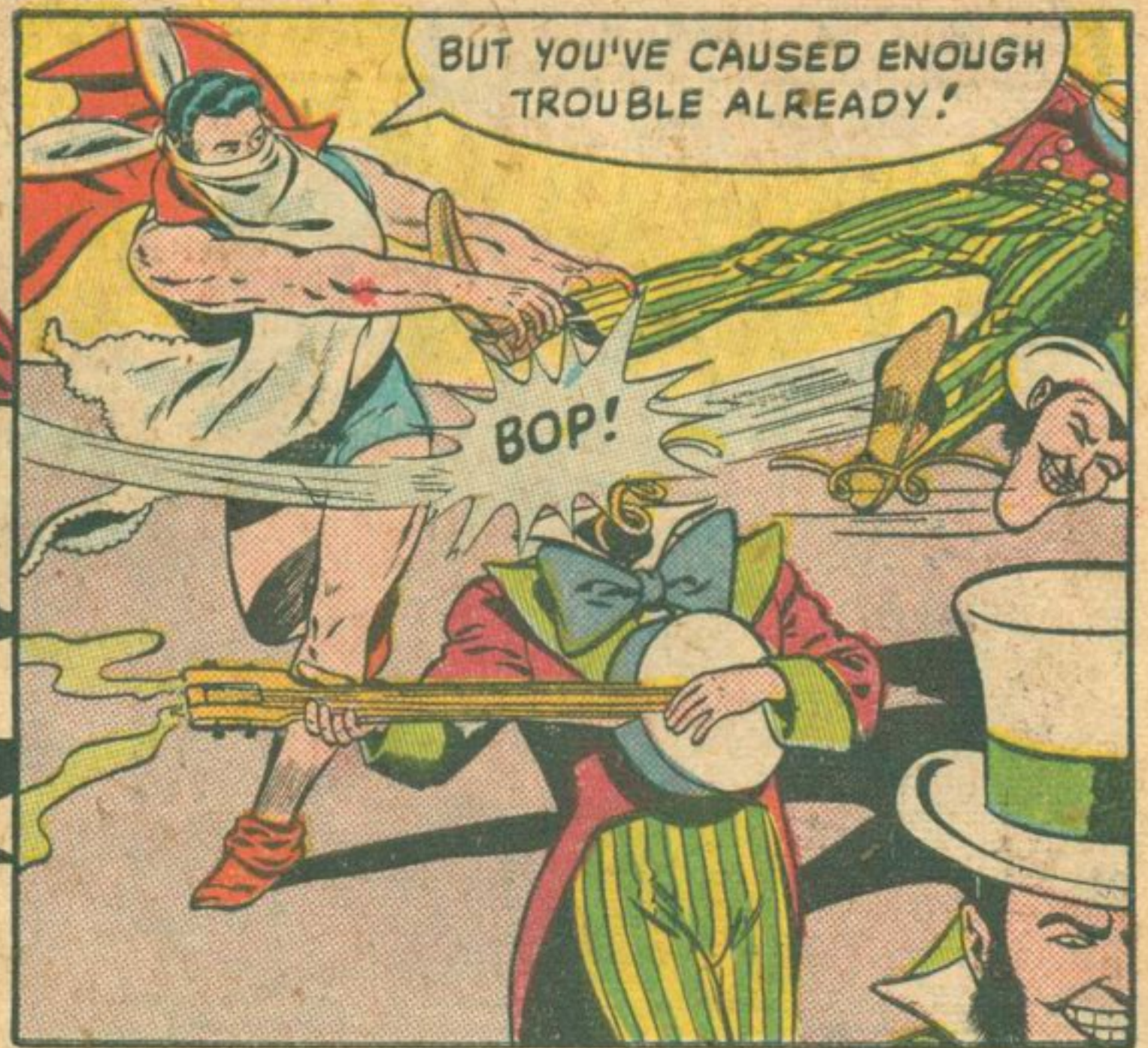
Abruptly...

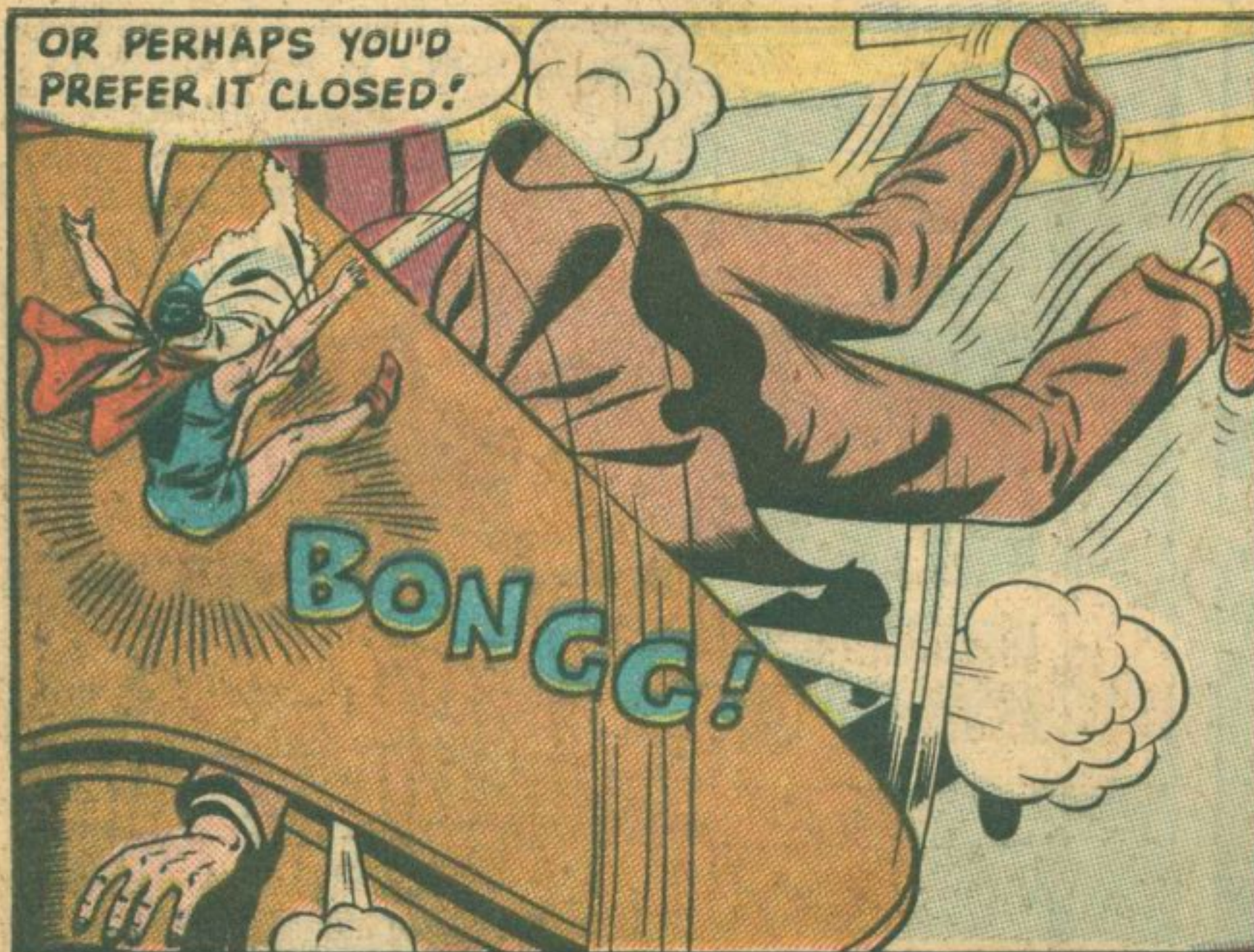
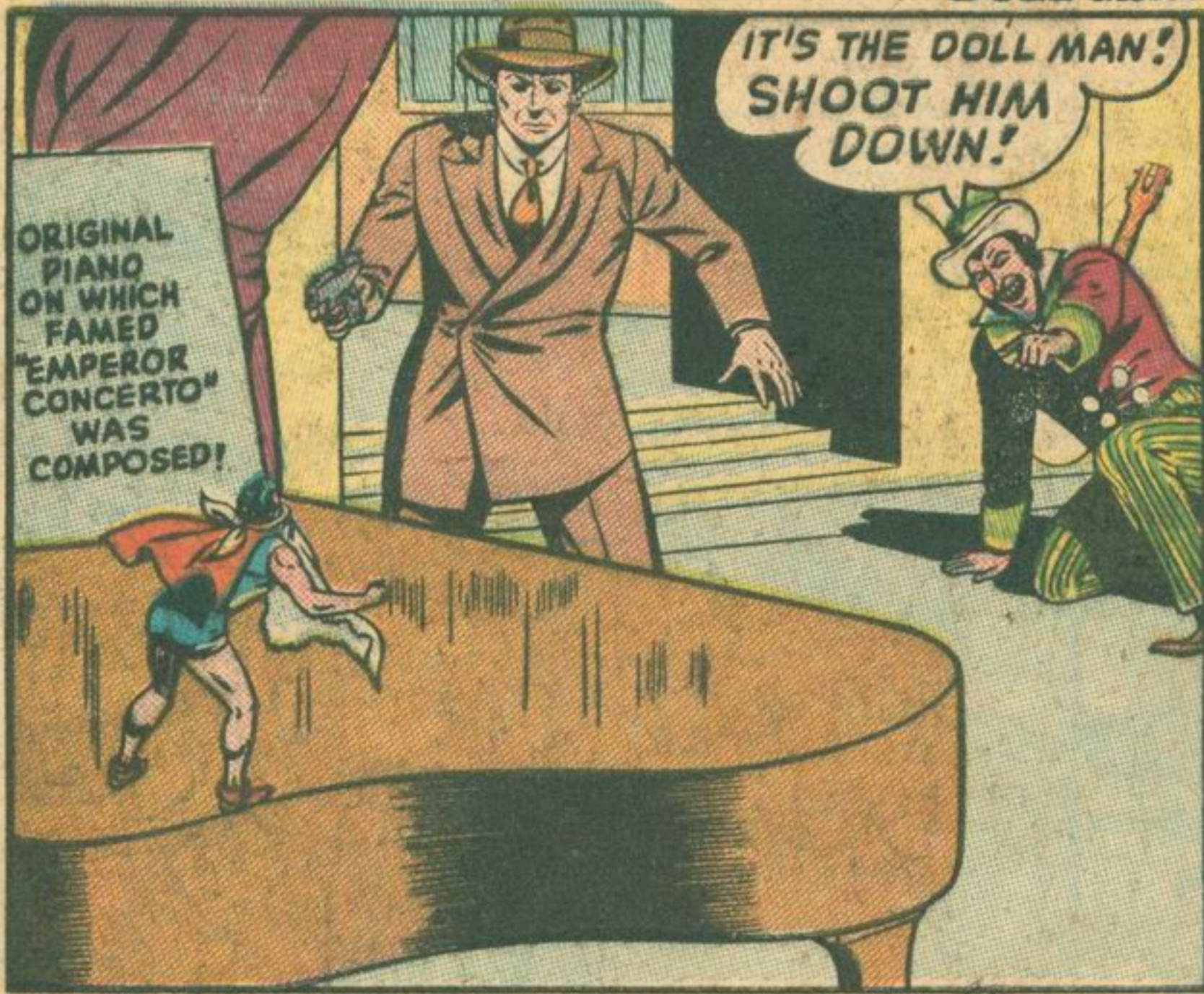
OHHHH!

THOSE TRICK BANJOS RELEASED A SLEEPING GAS! MARTHA'S UNCONSCIOUS ALREADY! I WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER, UNLESS ...

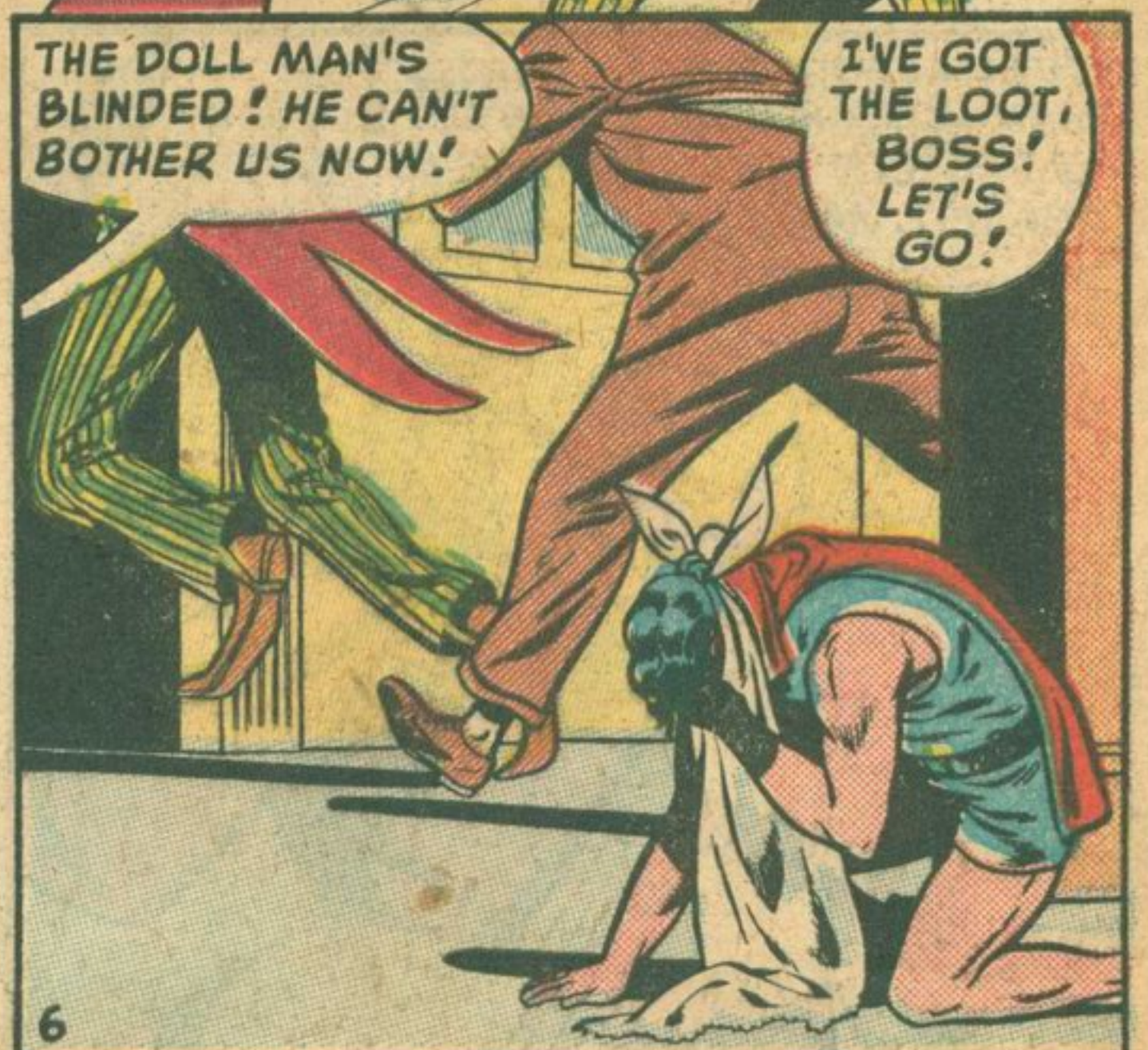
Using his miraculous power to condense the molecules of his body through an effort of will, Darrel Dane becomes that dynamic mite... THE DOLL MAN!

THE AIR IS BETTER DOWN HERE! BUT I'LL NEED MARTHA'S HANDKERCHIEF TO HELP ME STAY CONSCIOUS!





As the string is plucked, the Minstrel's banjo discharges a small capsule that explodes into blinding brilliance...



When Martha Roberts recovers...

THE MINSTREL ESCAPED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DOLL MAN?

I'M STARTING TO SEE AGAIN! FOR A MOMENT I WAS AFRAID I'D **REALLY** GONE BLIND!

YES, I'M ALL RIGHT, MARTHA! BUT I'LL NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL I'VE MASTERED THE MINSTREL!



Later, Darrel Dane visits Martha Roberts in her newspaper office...

THERE'S A PATTERN TO THE MINSTREL'S CRIMES! FIRST, THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY... THEN THE ROBBERY OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THAT SYMPHONY!

YOU THINK HE'S A BEETHOVEN ADMIRER?



LIKE MOST CRIMINALS, THE MINSTREL IS A SUPREME EGOTIST! HE STEERS CLEAR OF ORDINARY, HAPHAZARD ROBBERIES! HE OPERATES ON A MASTER PLAN OF HIS OWN DEVISING!



I'M SURE THAT MASTER PLAN INCLUDES ANOTHER TIE-UP WITH THE COMPOSER BEETHOVEN! CAN YOU THINK OF ANY LEAD?

HMM! STATION WQPR HAS A JACKPOT MUSICAL QUIZ EVERY WEEK! EACH WEEK THE QUIZ HAS TO DO WITH A DIFFERENT COMPOSER... THIS WEEK IT'S BEETHOVEN!



THEY GIVE AWAY A FORTUNE TO WHOEVER GUESSES THE MYSTERY TUNE FROM THE COMPOSER'S WORKS! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE PROGRAM'S ON TONIGHT!

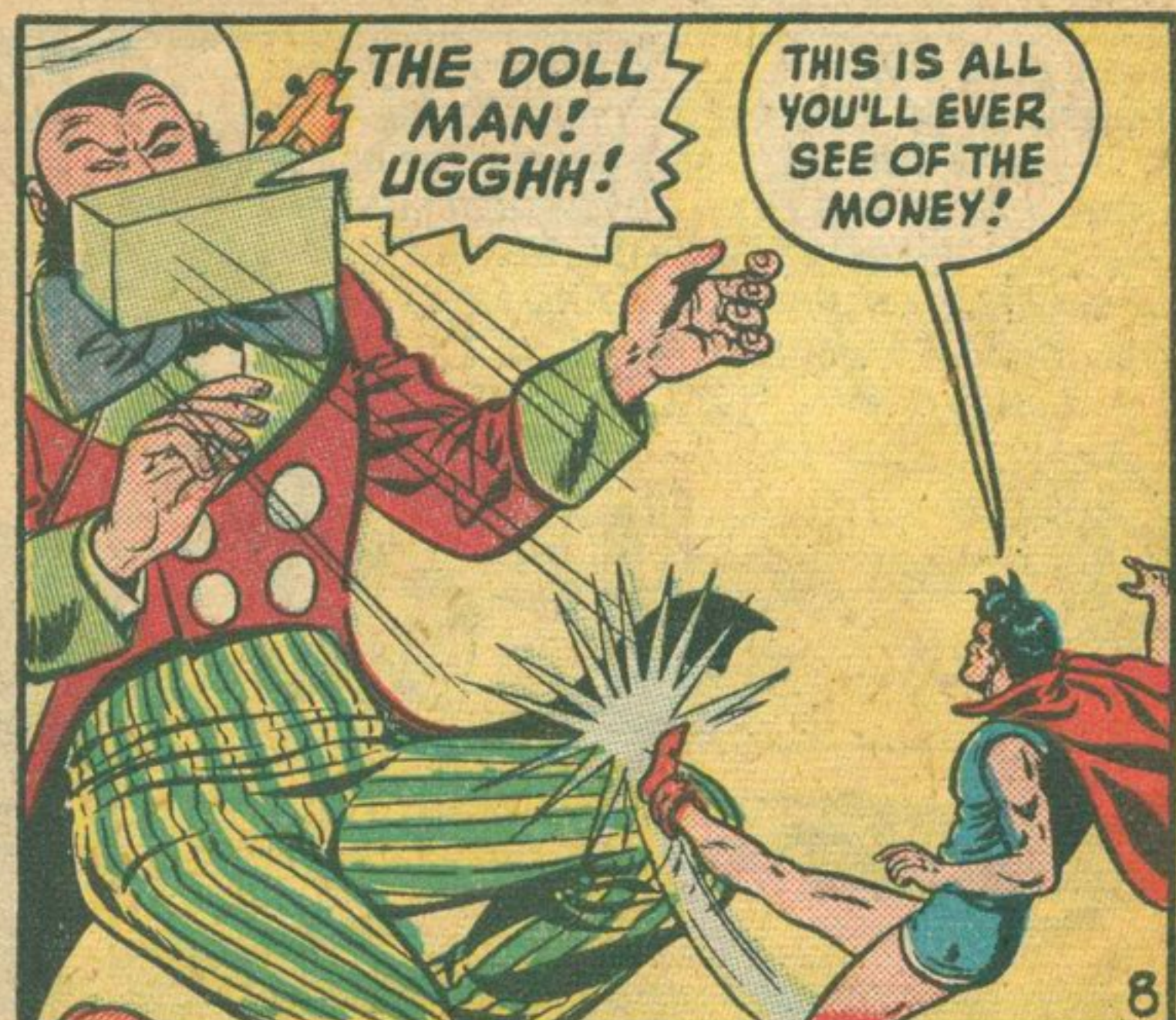
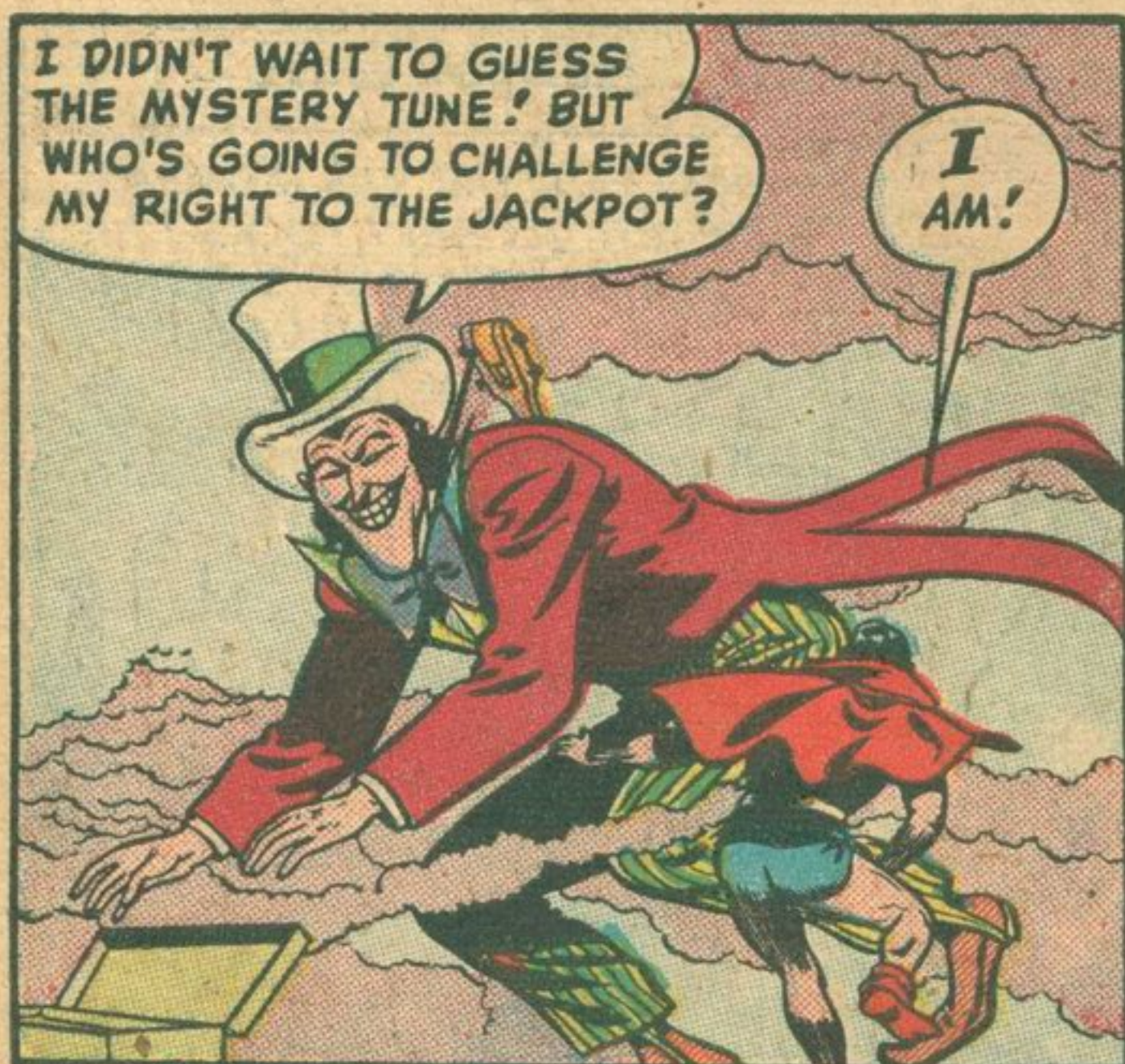
THAT'S IT! THE MINSTREL WON'T PASS UP AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THAT... AND NEITHER WILL I!

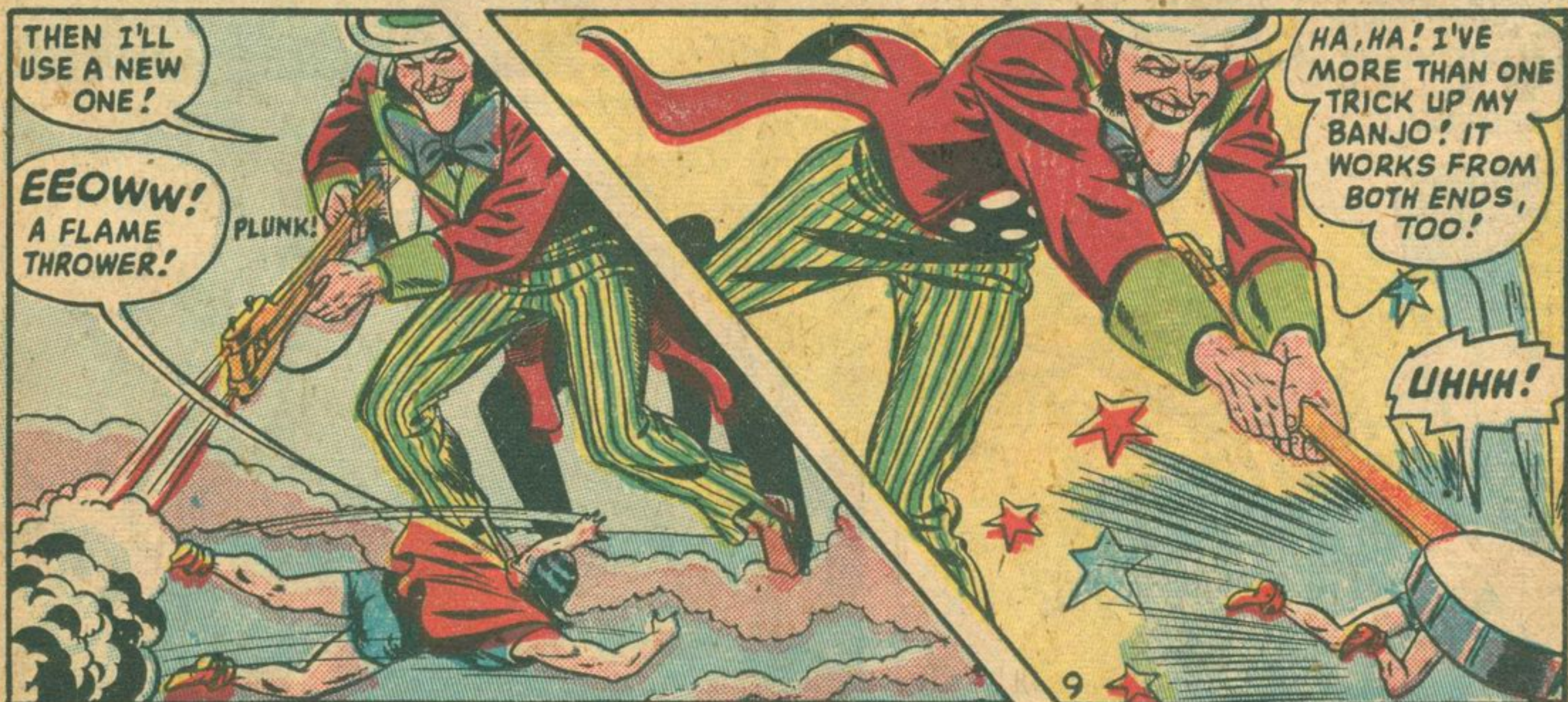
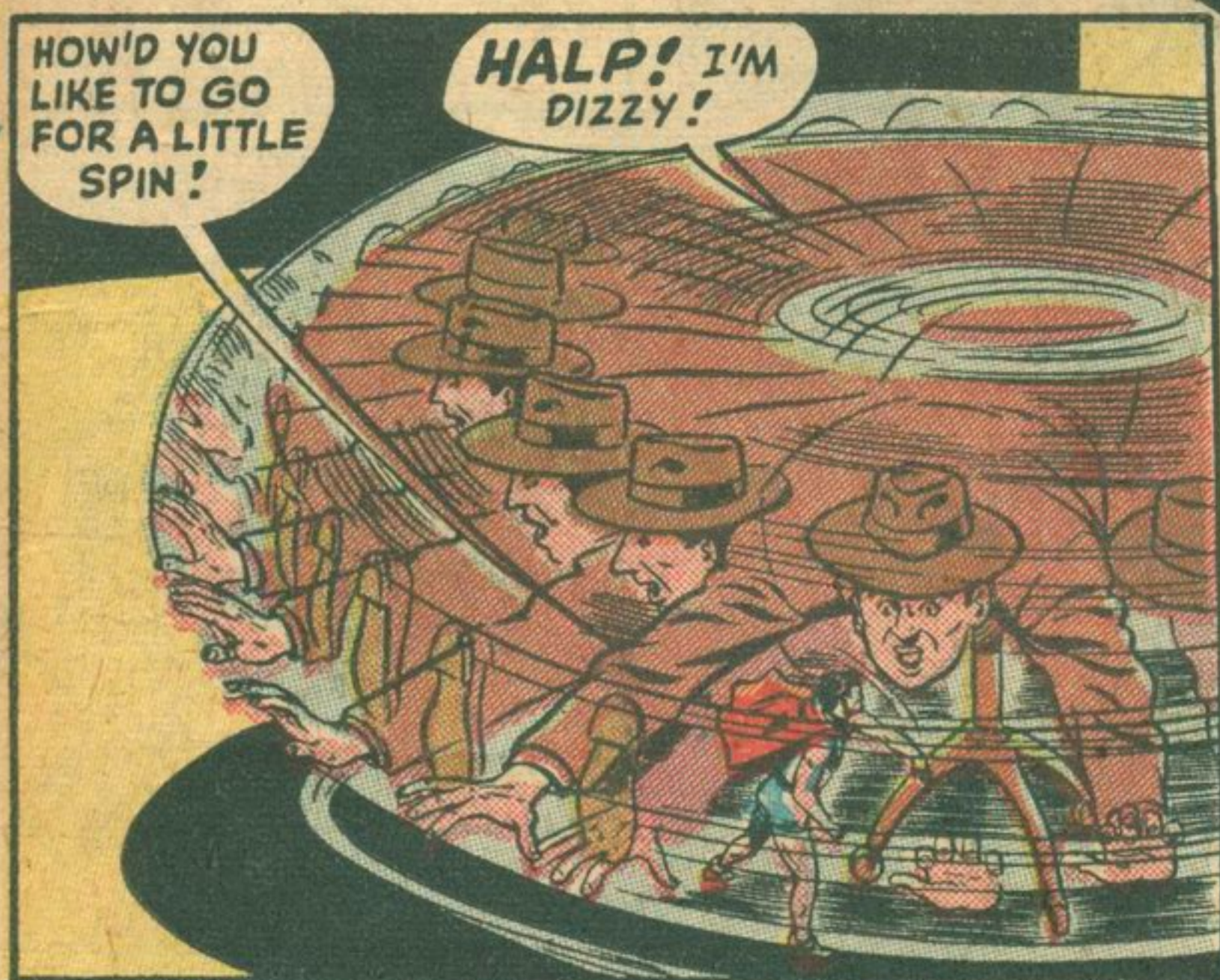
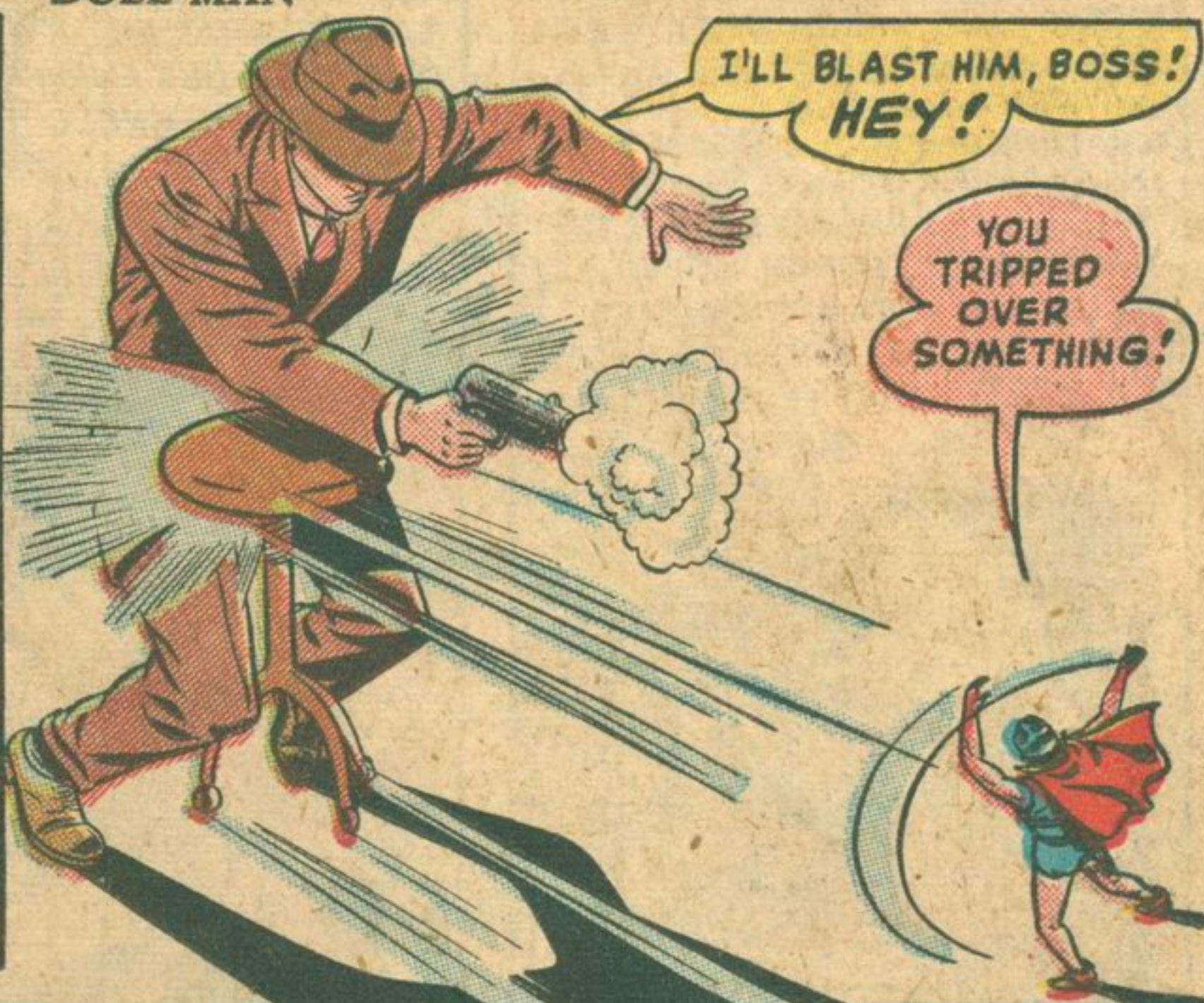


That night, on the Jackpot Quiz...

NOW FOR THE BIG MOMENT! LISTEN CLOSELY, FOLKS! THE NEXT SELECTION YOU HEAR WILL BE THIS WEEK'S MYSTERY TUNE!







Later, when the Doll Man recovers consciousness...

WHAT KIND OF GAG IS THIS, MINSTREL?

YOU'LL SOON DISCOVER, MY LITTLE ENEMY! WHEN THE CHURCH BELL STARTS RINGING, NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT IT IS SIGNALING YOUR DEATH!



A JOYOUS SOUND, ISN'T IT? BUT FOR YOU IT IS THE KNELL OF DOOM!



After the Minstrel departs...

UHHH! THE BELL CLAPPER WILL SMASH ME TO DEATH UNLESS I DO SOMETHING!



I CAN'T STOP THE CLAPPER FROM SWINGING! BUT I CAN SHORTEN AND LENGTHEN THE SWINGS A LITTLE! IF ONLY **SOMEONE** UNDERSTANDS!



CLING-CLING-CLING-CLANGGG!

LISTEN! THE CHURCH BELL'S TOLLING A MESSAGE!



IT MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT! LET'S FIND OUT!

LOOK, BOSS! EVERYBODY'S FLOCKING UP TO THE BELFRY!

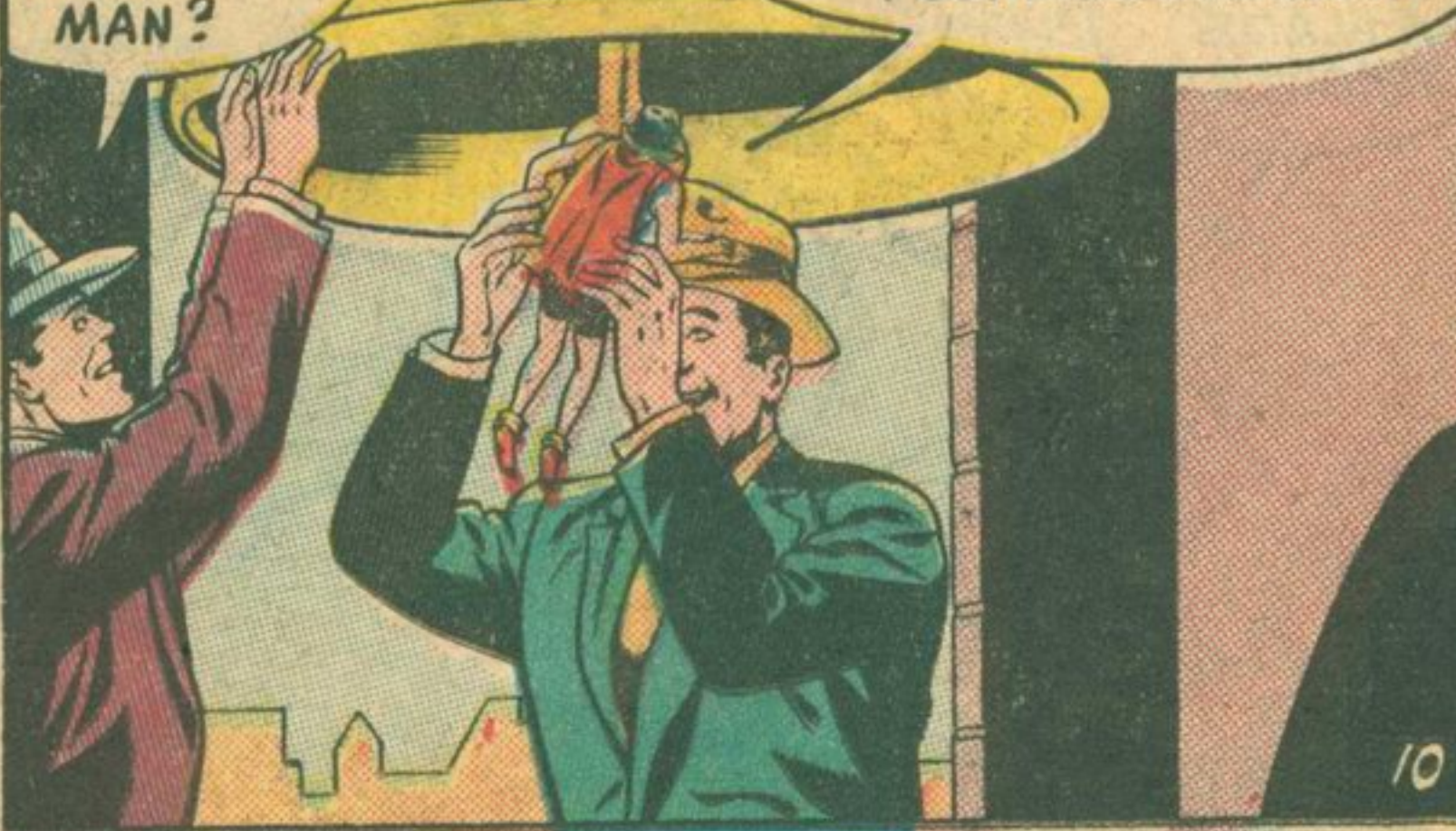
SOMETHING'S WRONG! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

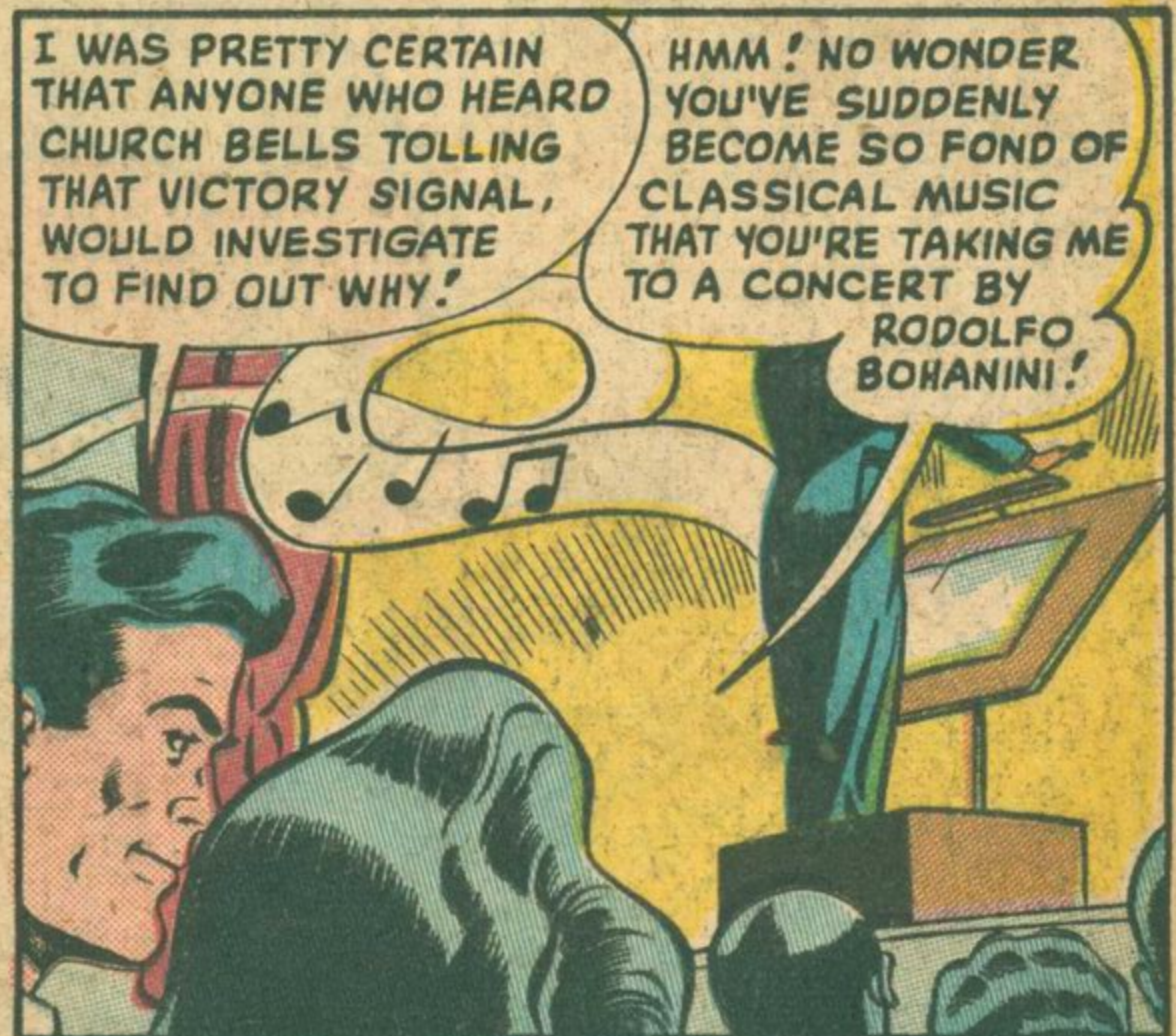


While in the belfry...

LUCKY WE HEARD YOU, EH, DOLL MAN?

I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH MORE OF THAT POUNDING! THANKS!

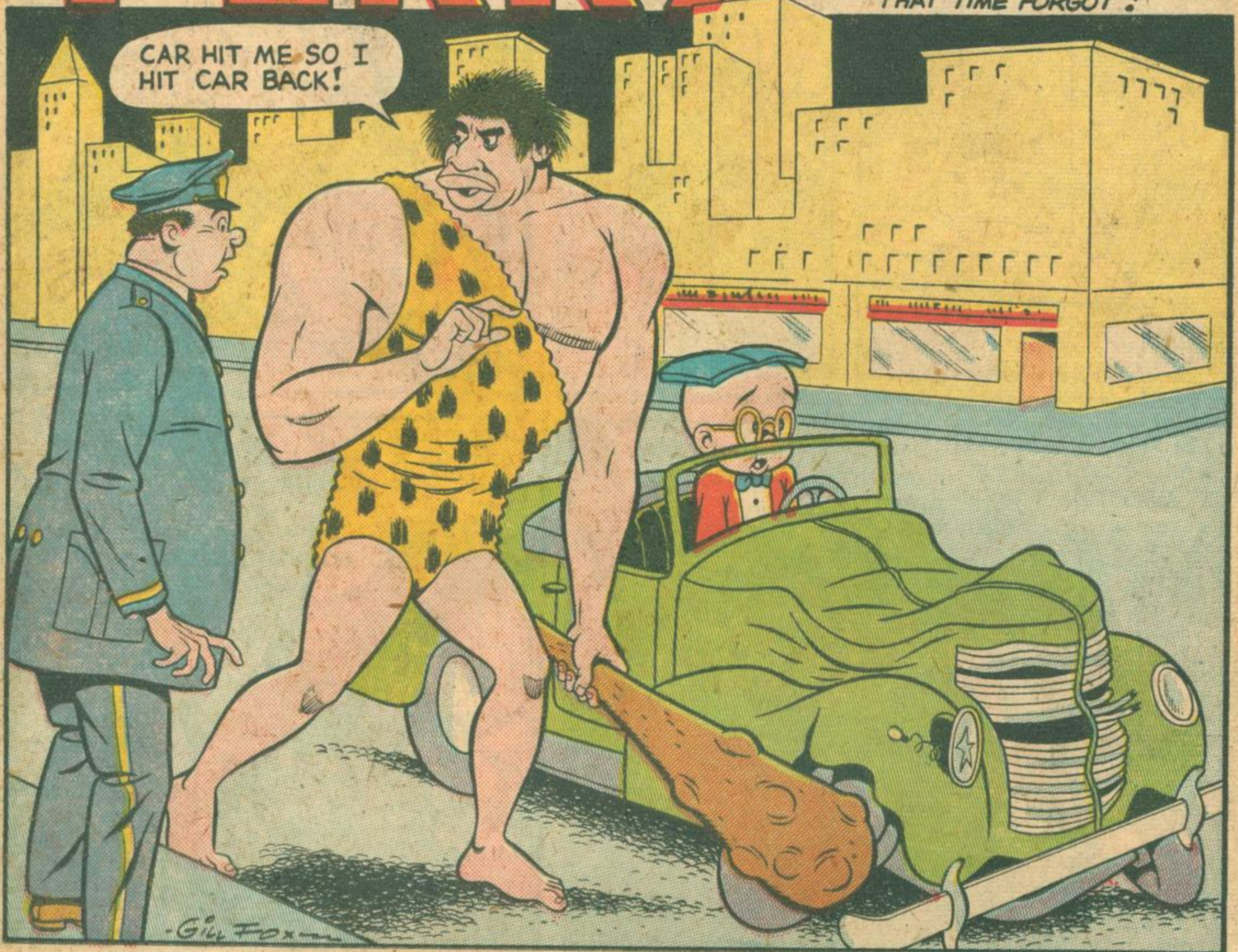




DOLL MAN

PERKY

OF ALL HIS FLIGHTS TO
FANTASTIC PLACES,
PERKY FINDS NONE
MORE THRILLING THAN
THE TRIP TO "THE LAND
THAT TIME FORGOT!"



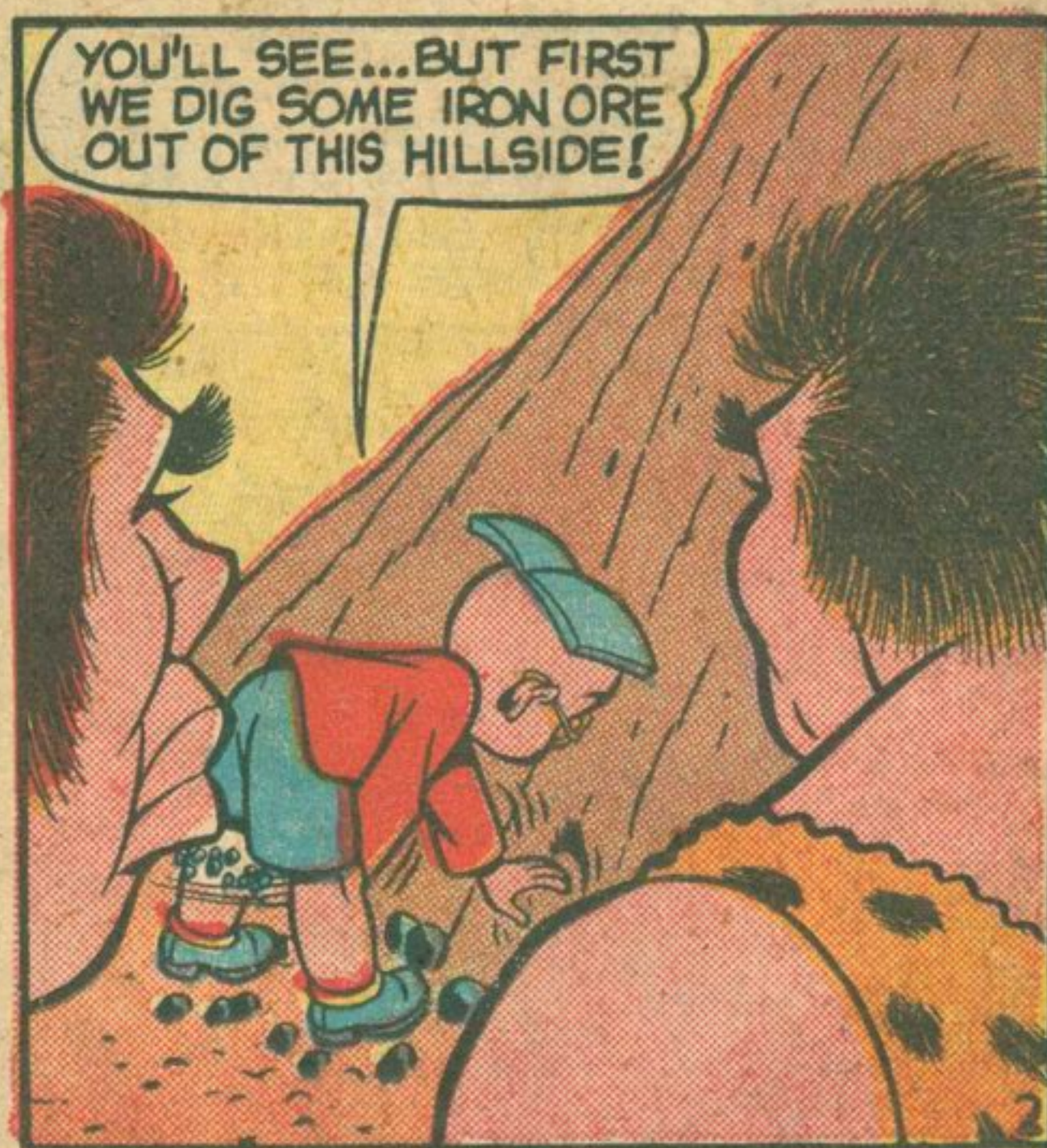
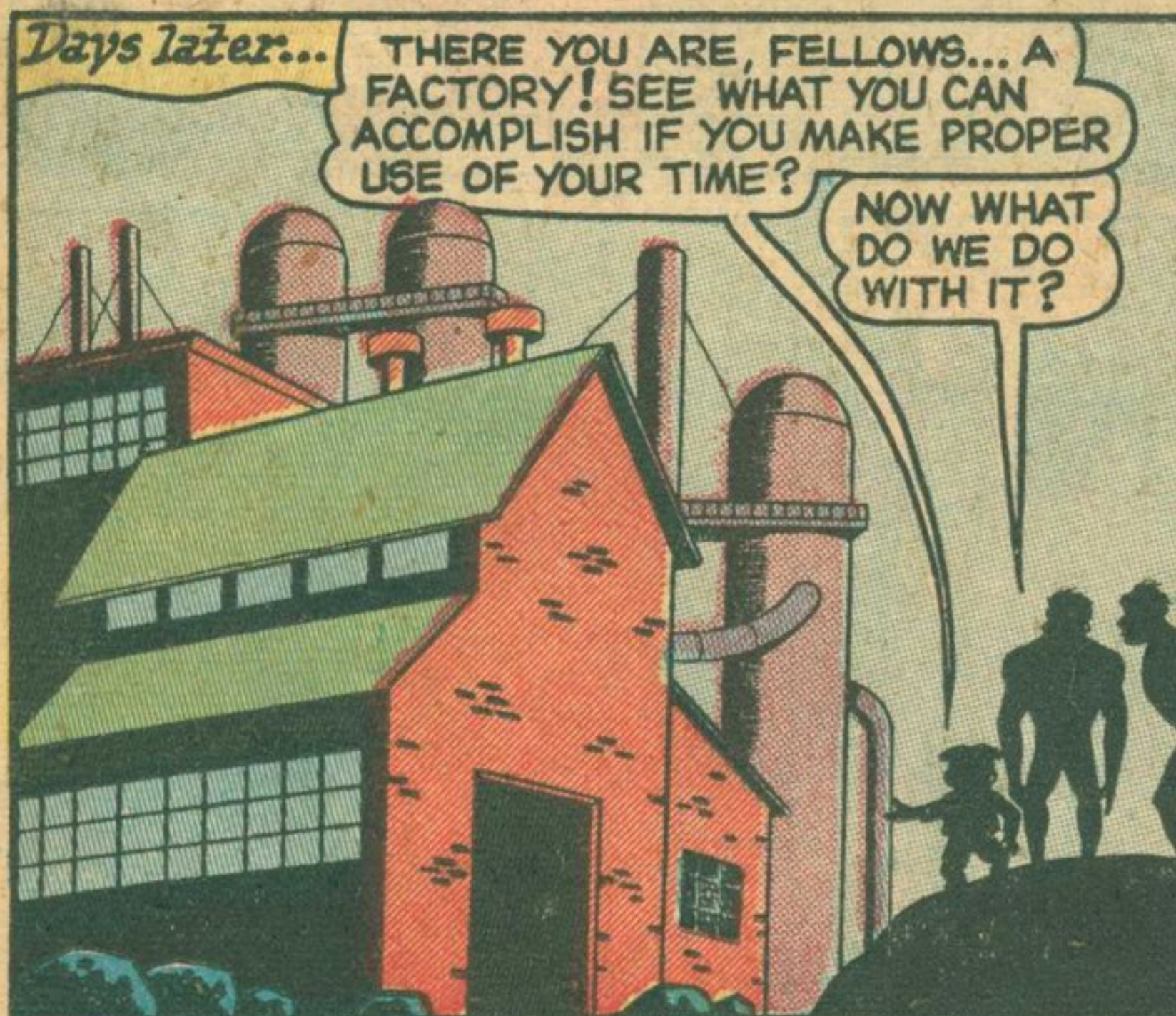
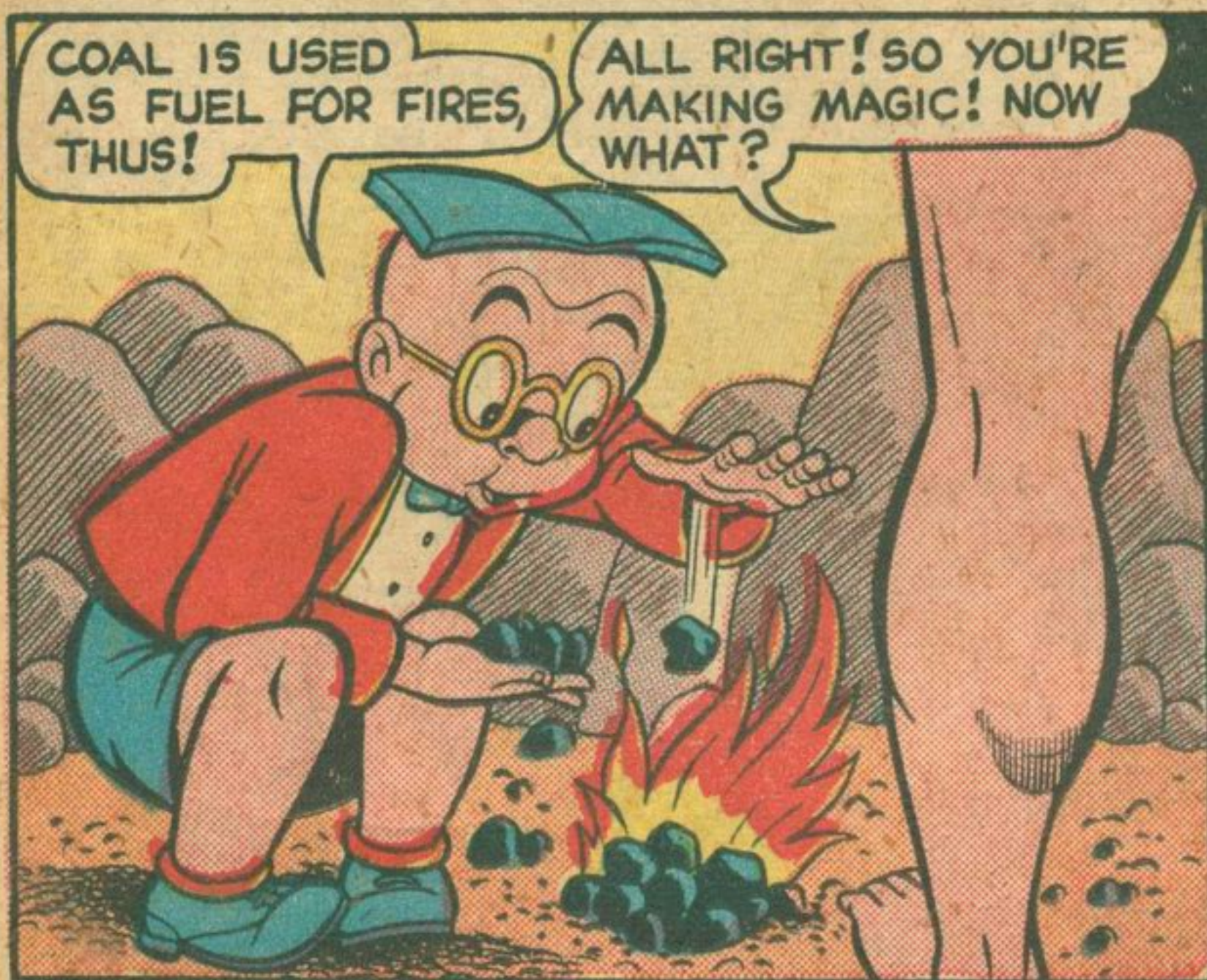
GOSH! PREHISTORIC LAND!
WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF
MODERN CONTRIVANCES,
THE PEOPLE HERE WILL
THINK I'M A GENIUS!



TRY TO PICK
BERRIES OFF
MY BUSH,
WILL YA?

I SAW THEM
FIRST! OUCH!





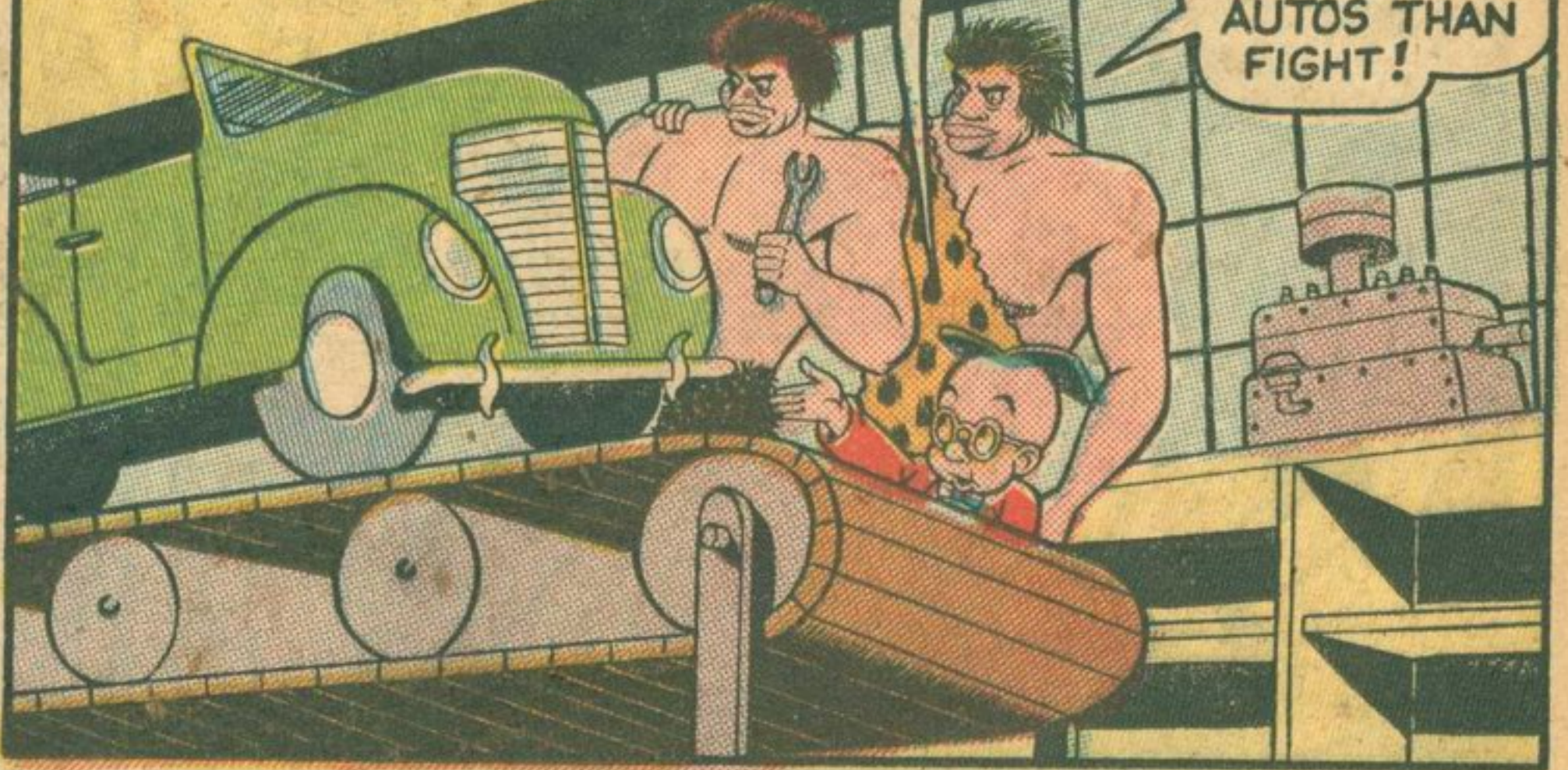
NOW WE USE THE OVEN WE BUILT IN OUR FACTORY TO SMELT THE IRON!



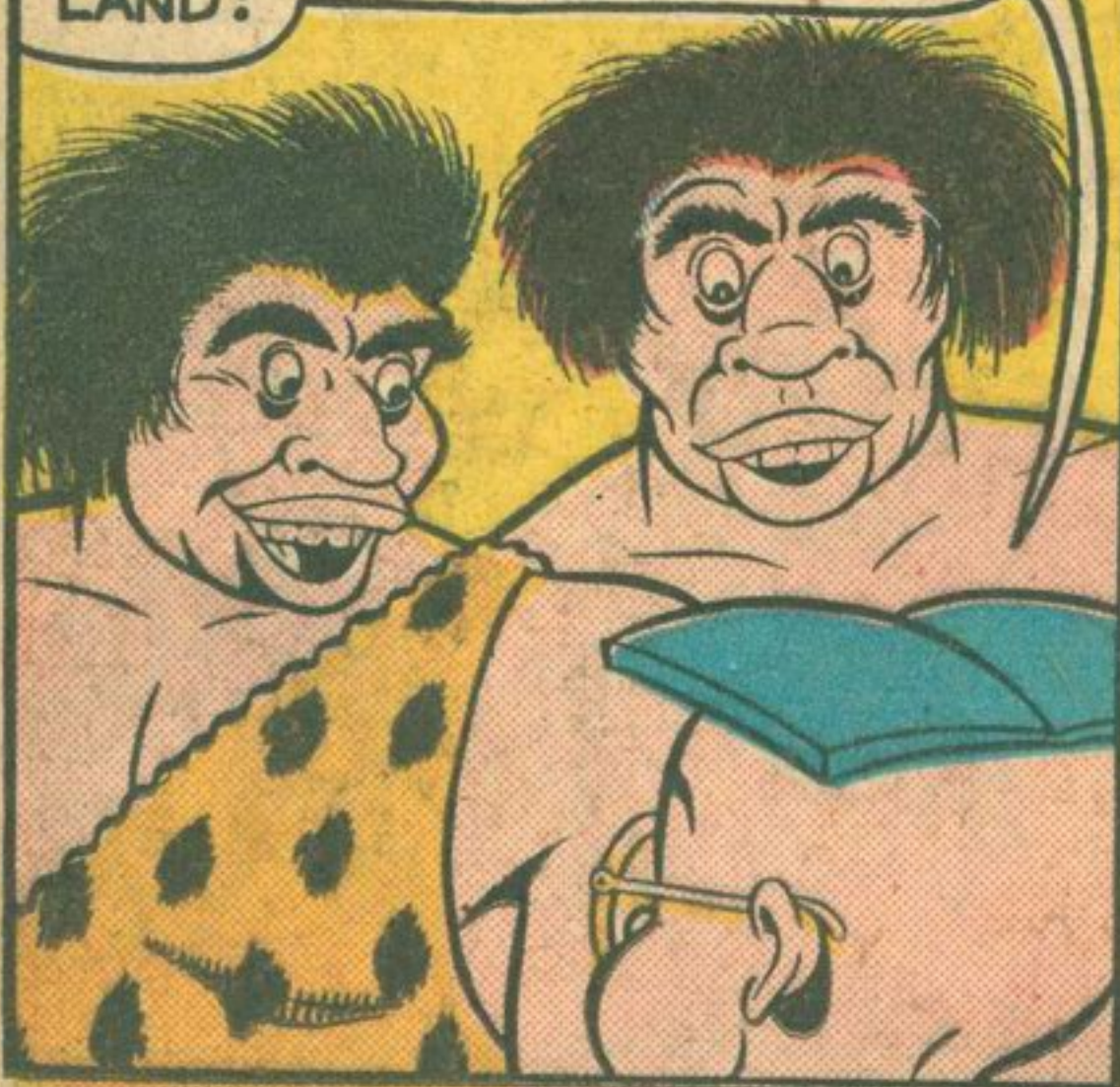
A FEW DAYS LATER...

THERE YOU ARE, BOYS... PREHISTORIC LAND'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE!

I'M CONVINCED! I'D RATHER BUILD AUTOS THAN FIGHT!



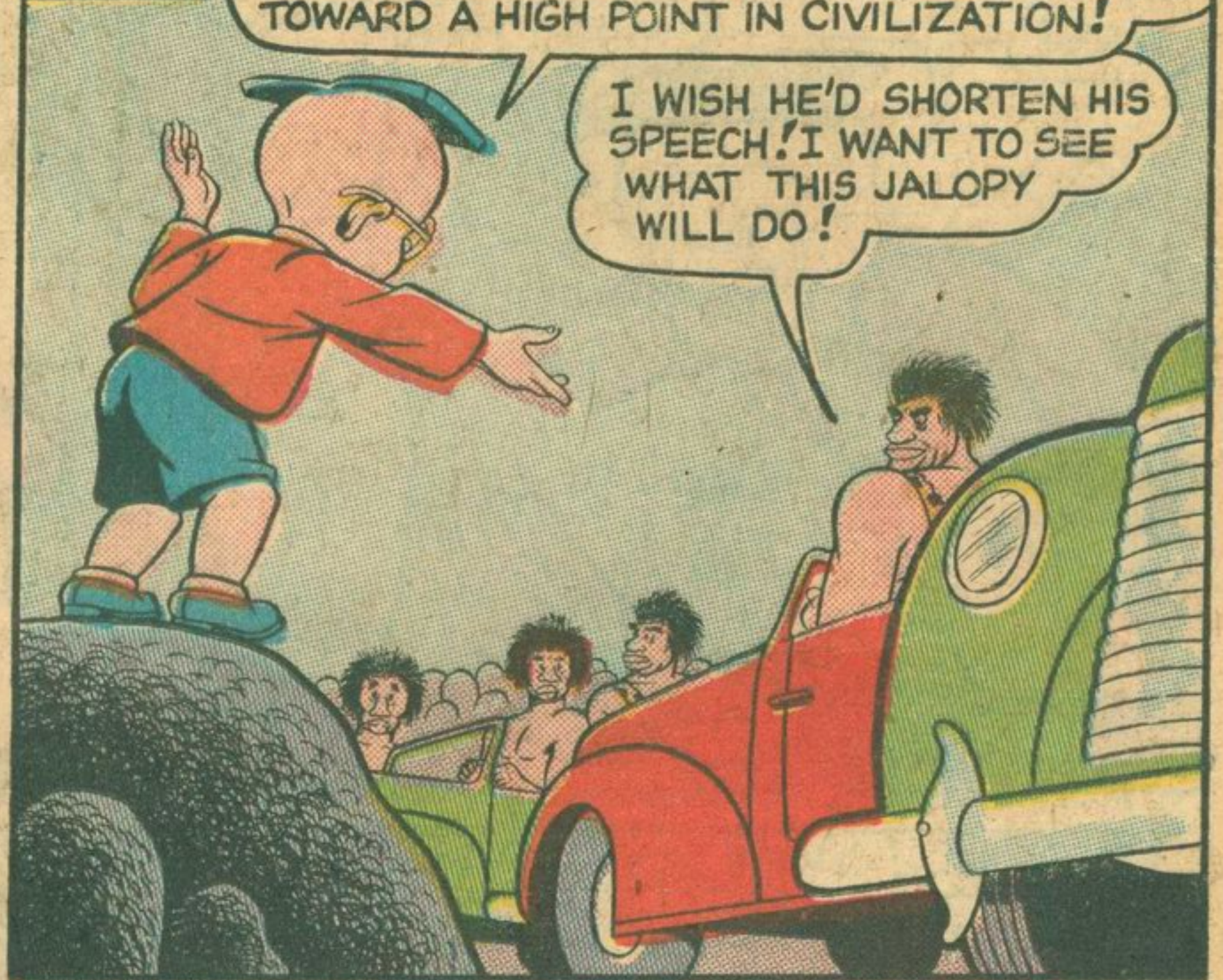
OKAY, FELLOWS... WE'LL GO TO WORK AND BUILD ENOUGH CARS TO SUPPLY EVERYONE IN THE LAND!



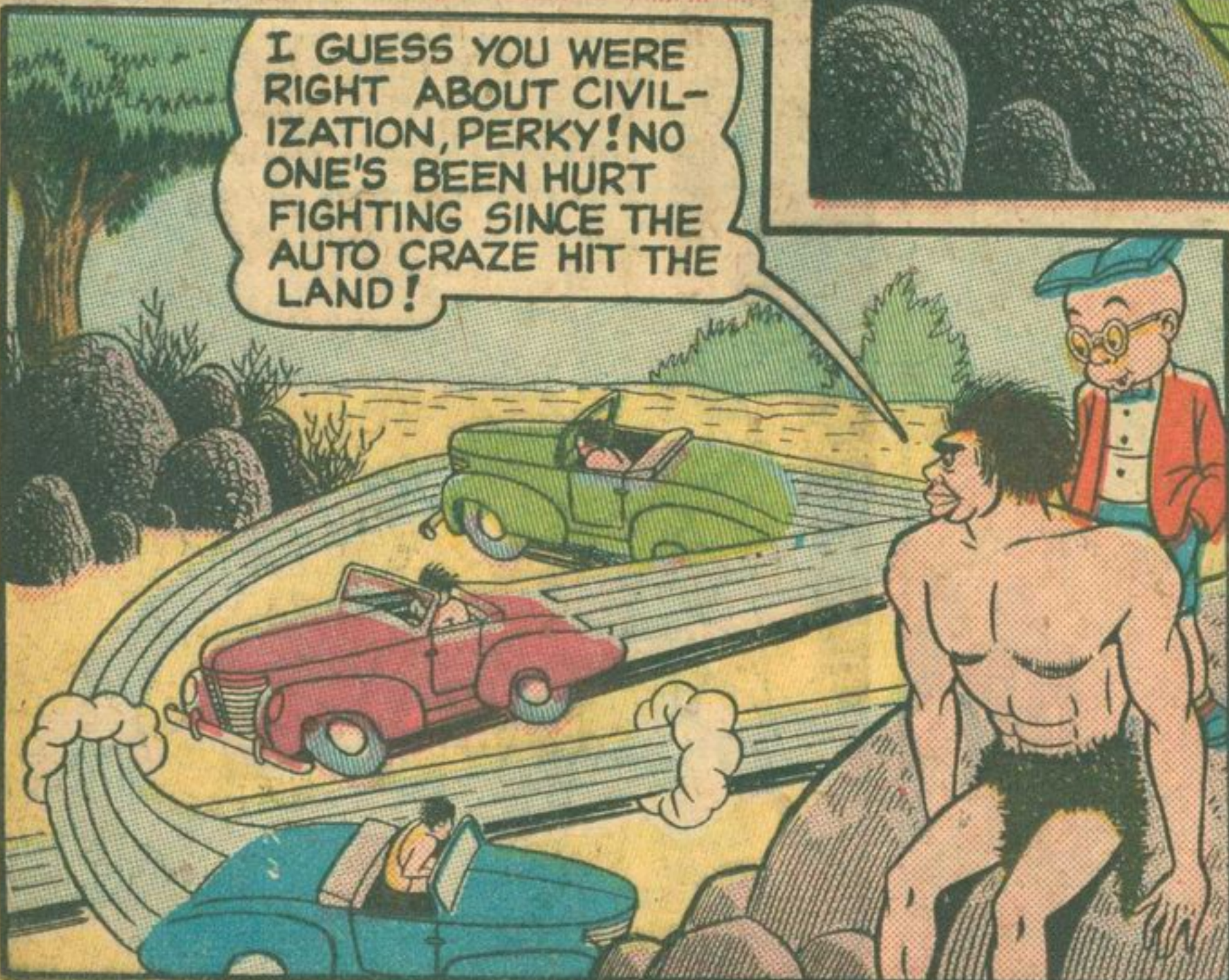
A month later...

A MOMENTOUS OCCASION, FOLKS! BY DRIVING THESE AUTOMOBILES YOU WILL BE SPEEDING TOWARD A HIGH POINT IN CIVILIZATION!

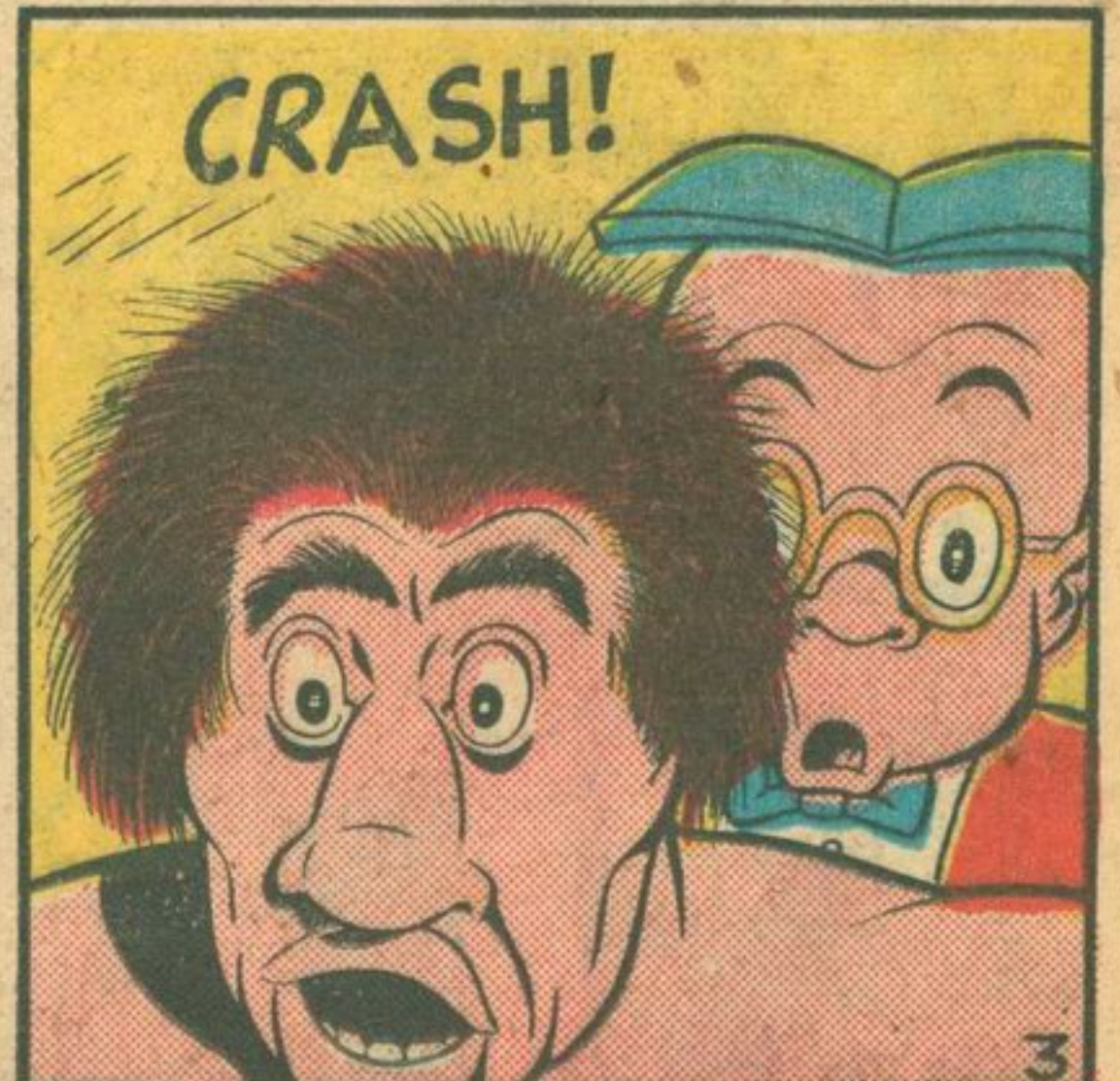
I WISH HE'D SHORTEN HIS SPEECH! I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS JALOPY WILL DO!

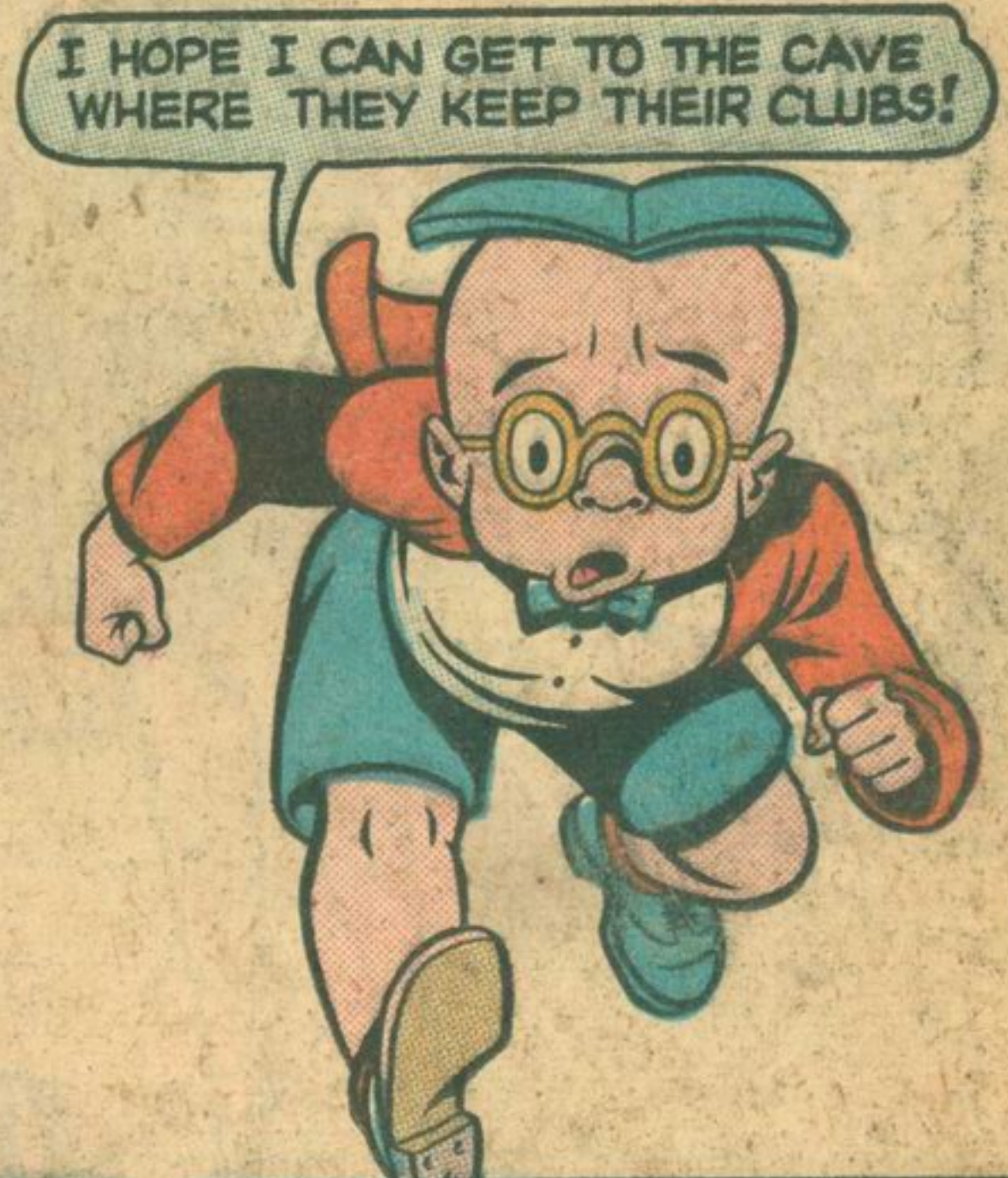
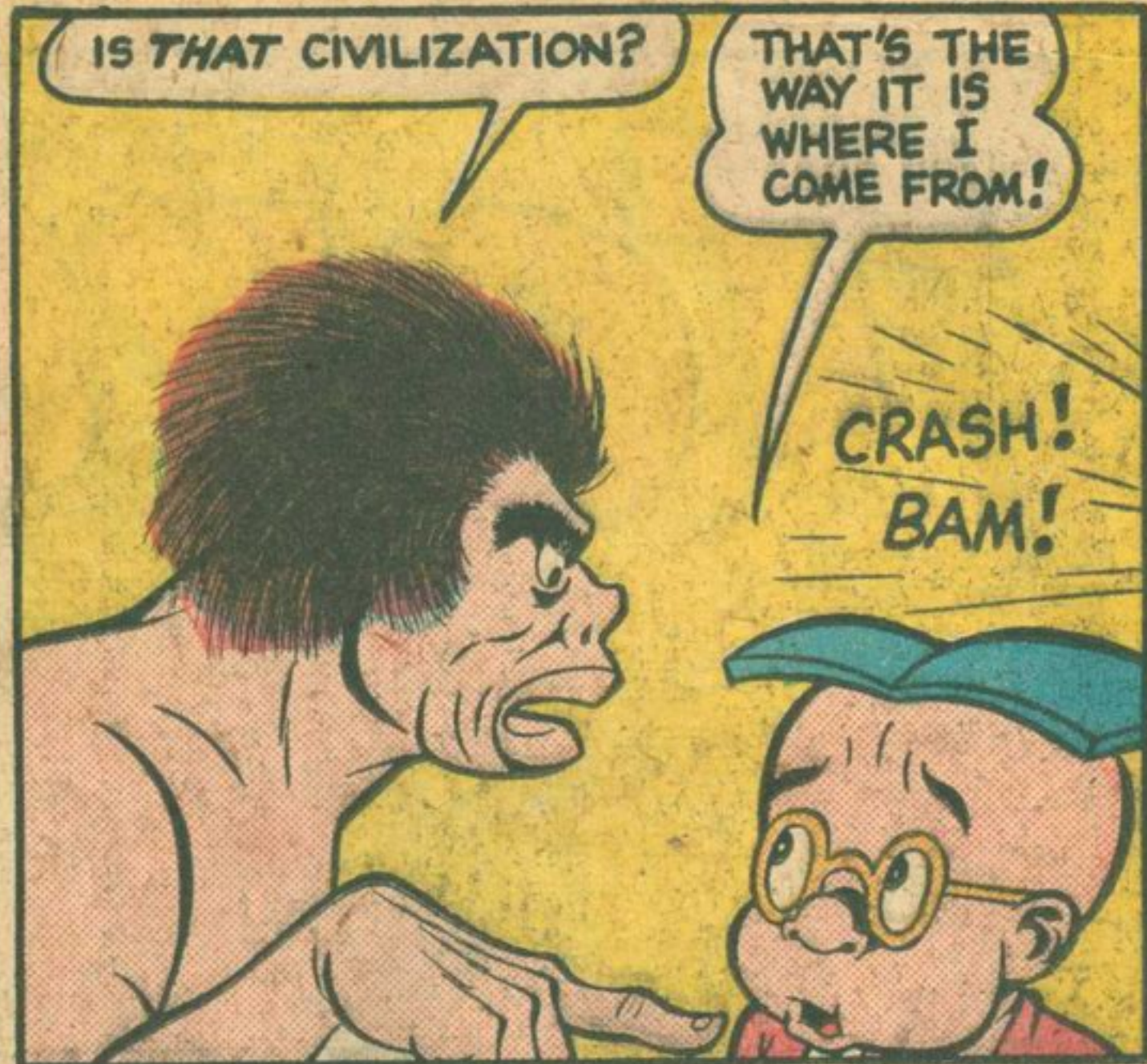
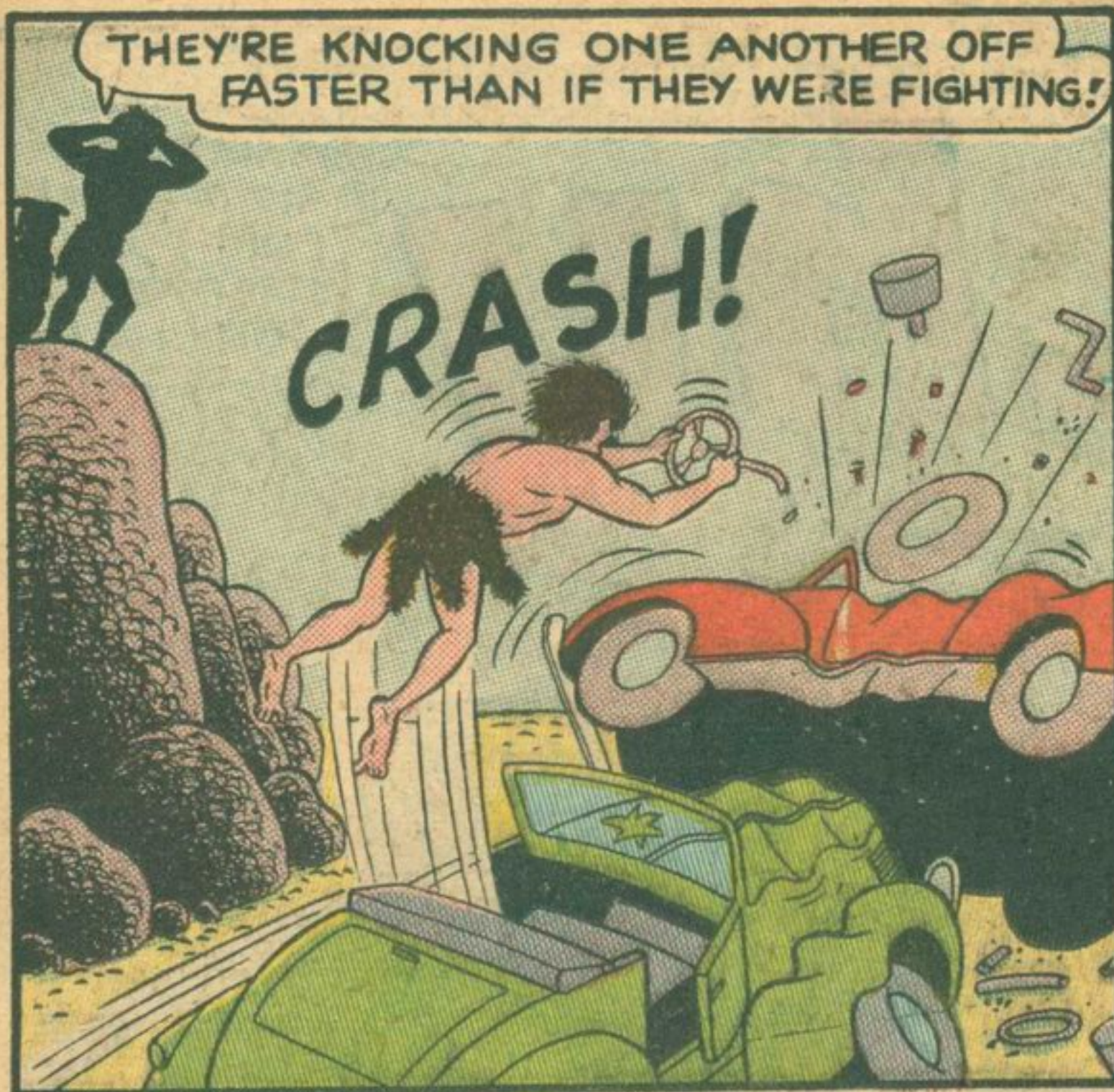


I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT CIVILIZATION, PERKY! NO ONE'S BEEN HURT FIGHTING SINCE THE AUTO CRAZE HIT THE LAND!



CRASH!

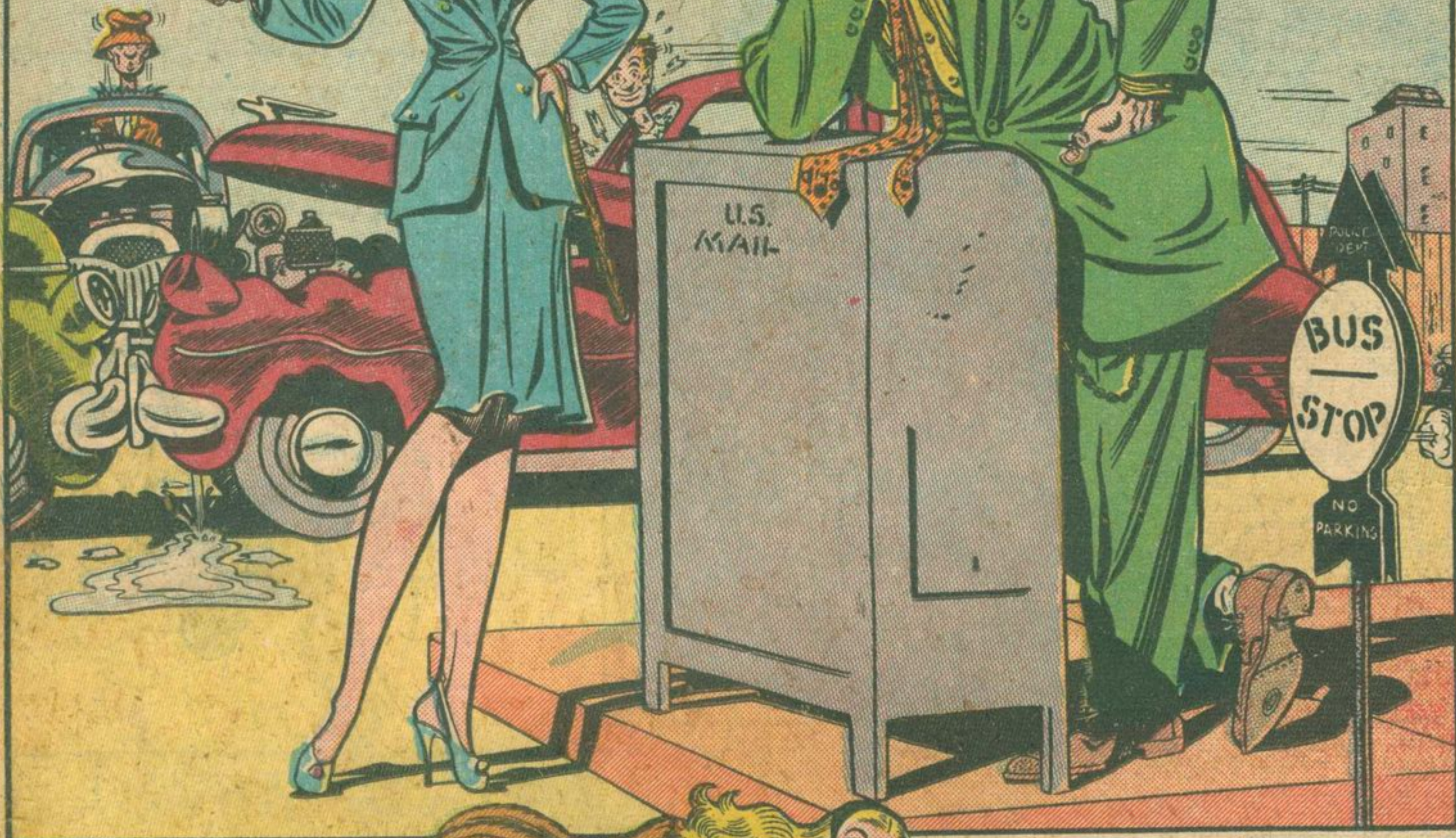




Torchy

...THEN WALK
FOUR BLOCKS
TO OAK STREET...
TURN LEFT AND
WALK TWO
BLOCKS...

AW, IT'S TOO
FAR, OFFICER!
CAN'T I JUST
STAY HERE
WITH YOU?



I WON'T
WASTE ANOTHER
MINUTE!

I KNOW
MY DUTY WHEN
I SEE IT! I'LL GO
RIGHT DOWN TO
POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS AND
OFFER MY
SERVICES!

at police headquarters, after
a short period of instruction...

YOU'LL PATROL
A BEAT ON ELM
STREET!

YES, SIR... I MEAN,
MA'AM... ER...
OFFICER!



And in the chief's office ...

NEVER CAN TELL... MAYBE THE SCURLY MOB WILL TRY TO ROB CITY HALL NEXT! OBVIOUSLY, THE CITY FUNDS MUST HAVE MAXIMUM PROTECTION!

THERE ISN'T A SAFER PLACE THAN RIGHT HERE AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, MR. MAYOR!

GOOD! NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED, LET'S CONCENTRATE ON WAYS AND MEANS OF ENDING THE SCURLY MOB CRIME WAVE!

WE'RE ALL CONCENTRATING, YOUR HONOR!

WHAT A GORGEOUS COP! IT'S MY DUTY AS CHIEF TO INSPECT HER! GANGWAY!

OUT OF MY WAY! AS MAYOR I HAVE PRIORITY!

GOOD LUCK, OFFICER TODD!

POLICE DEPT.

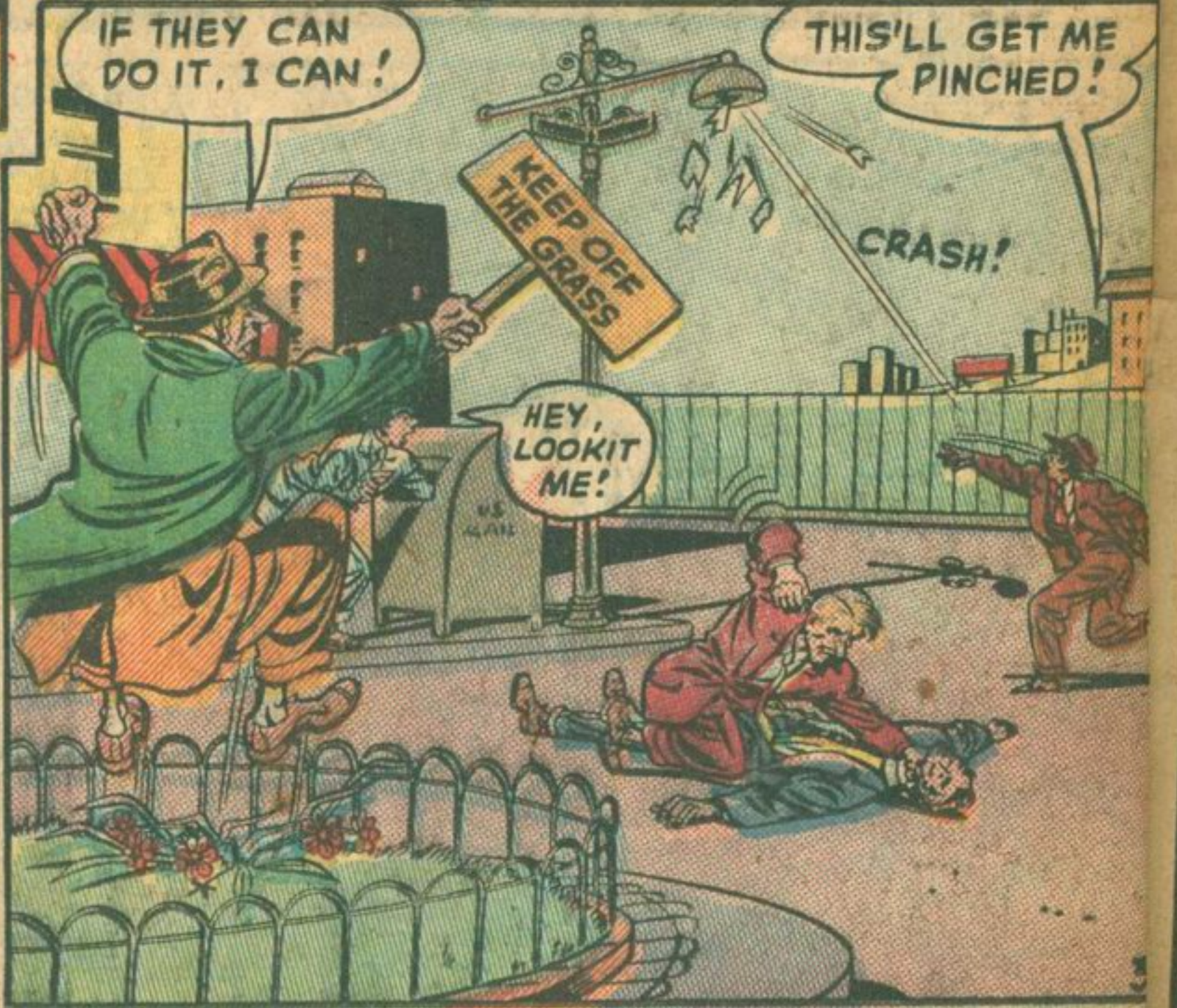
I SHALL DO MY BEST!

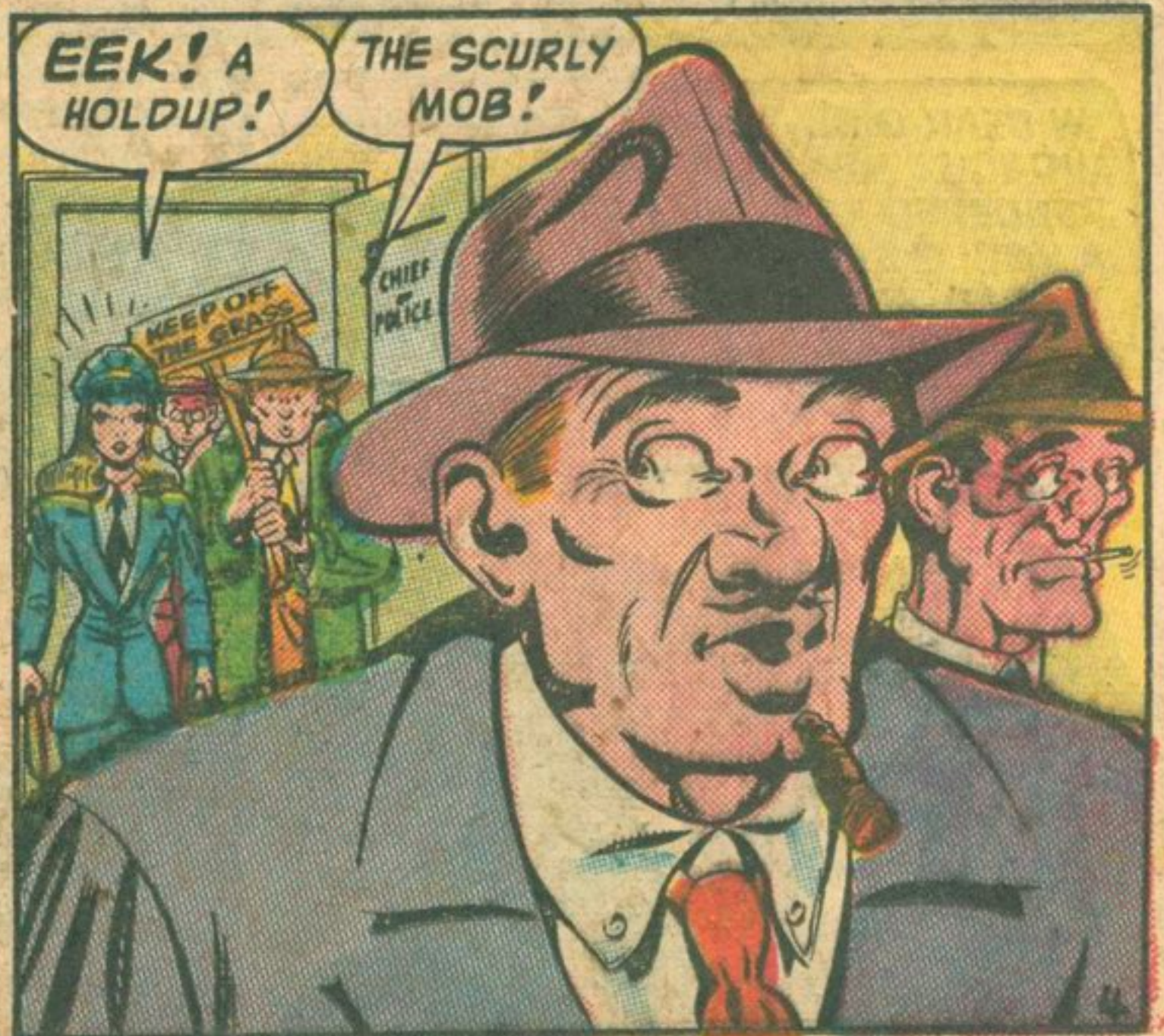
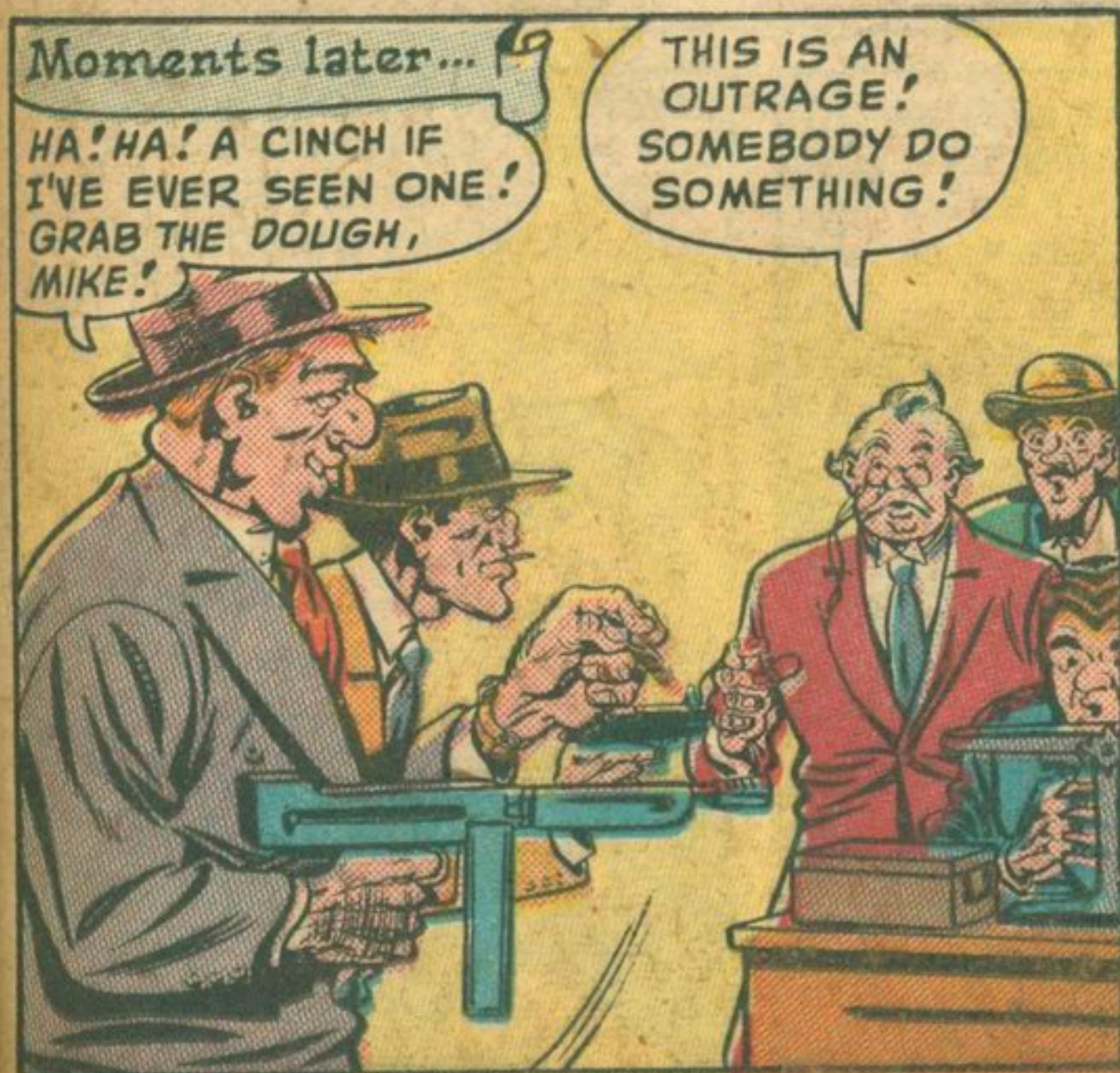
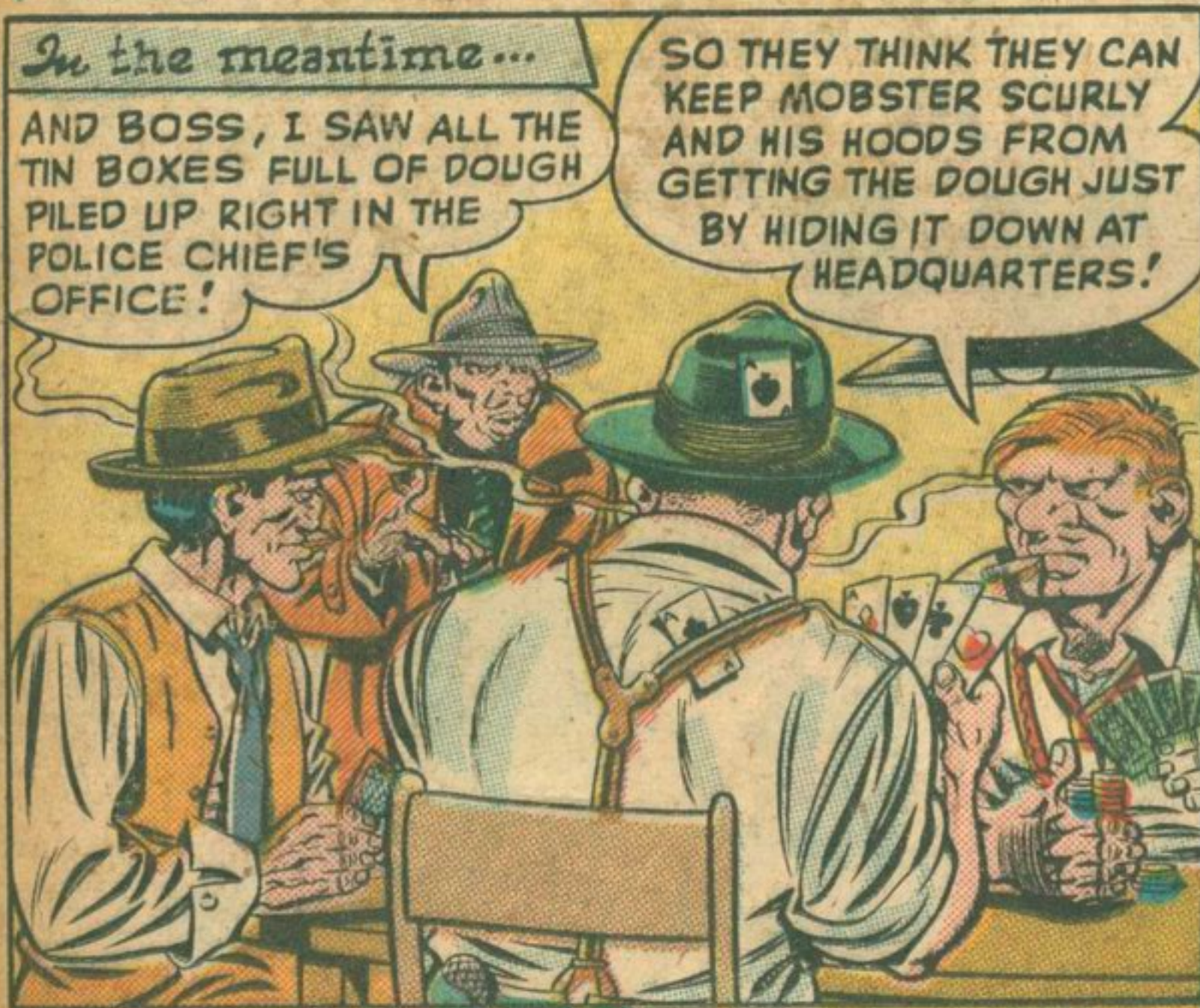
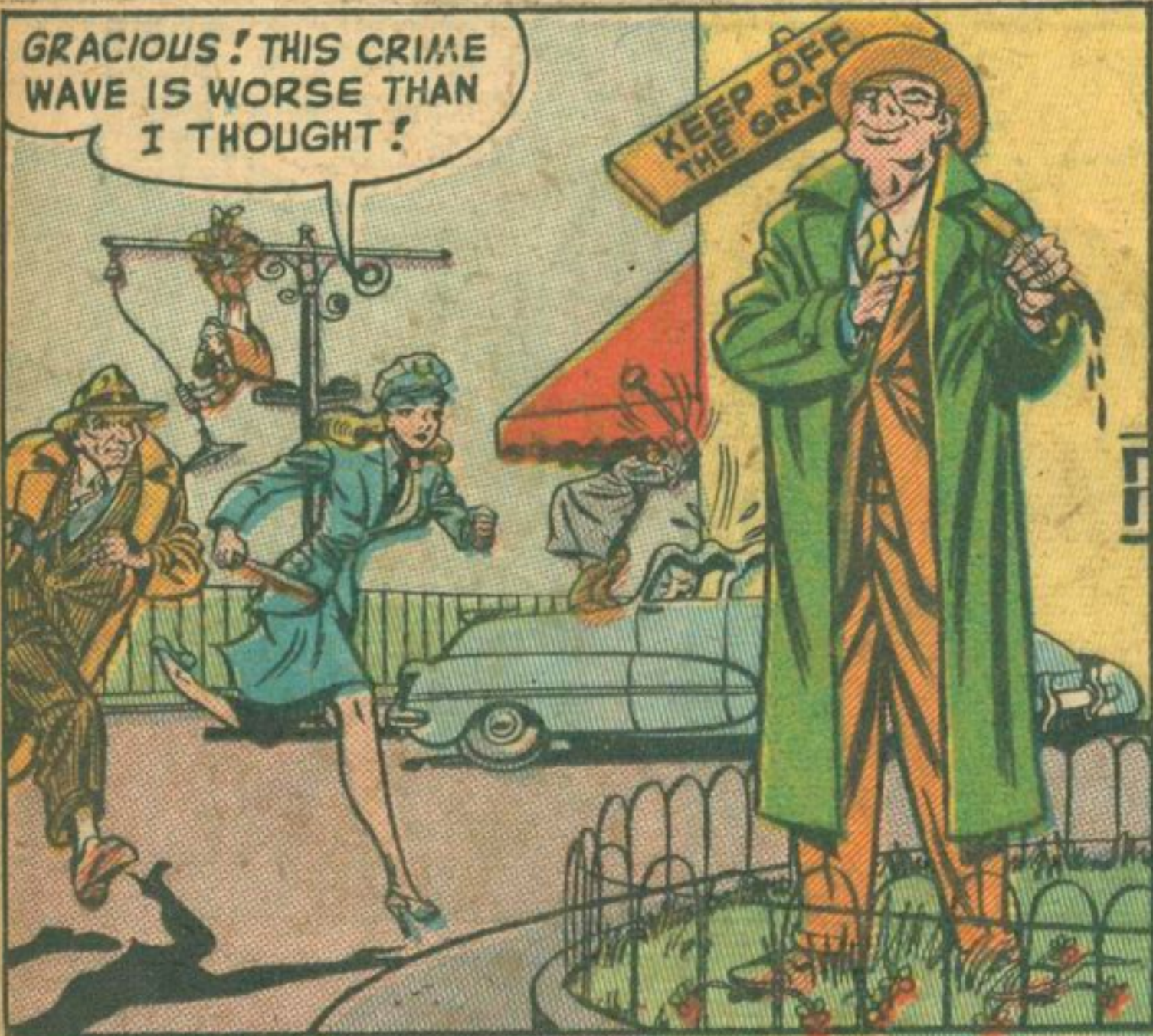
Soon...

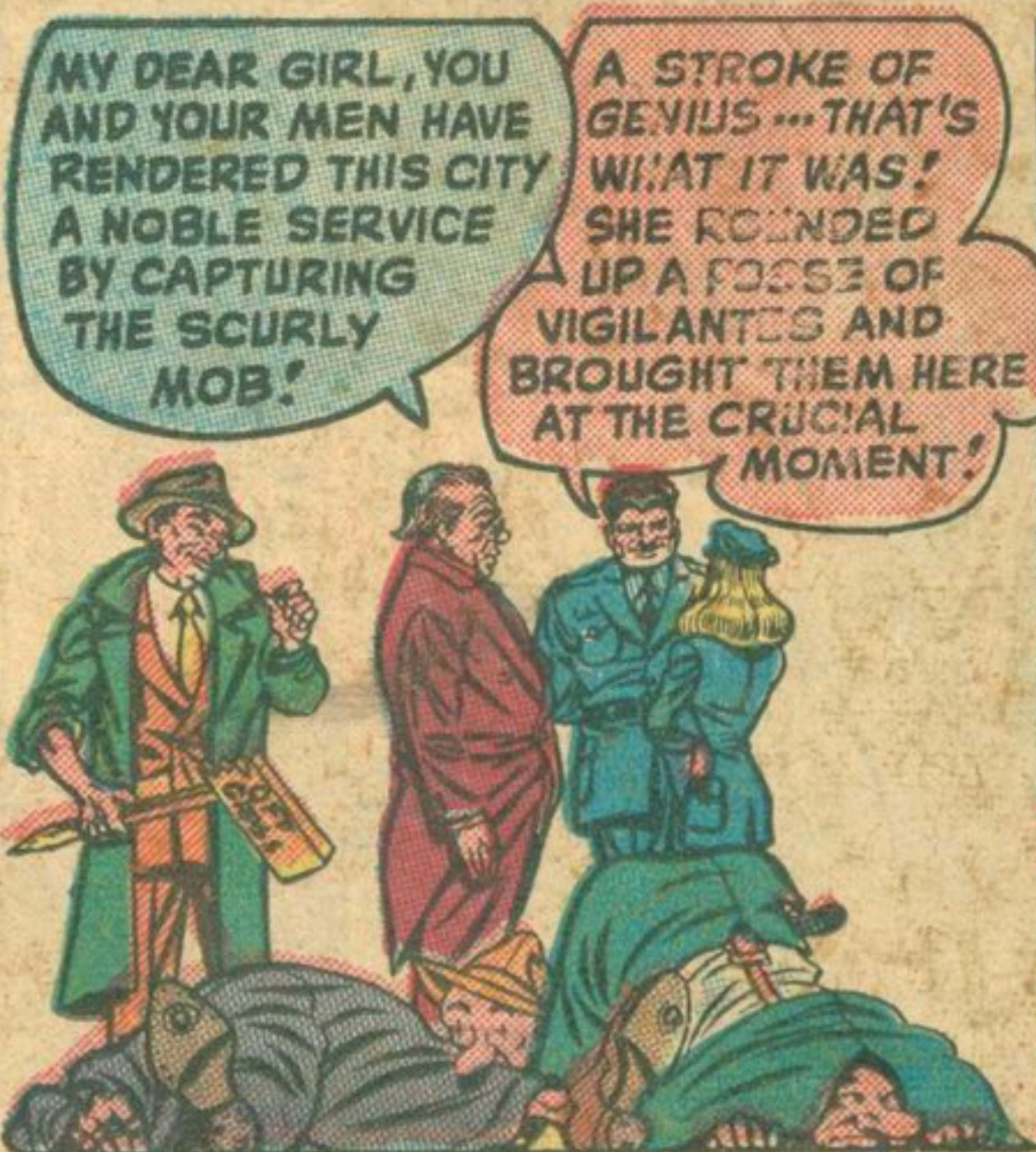
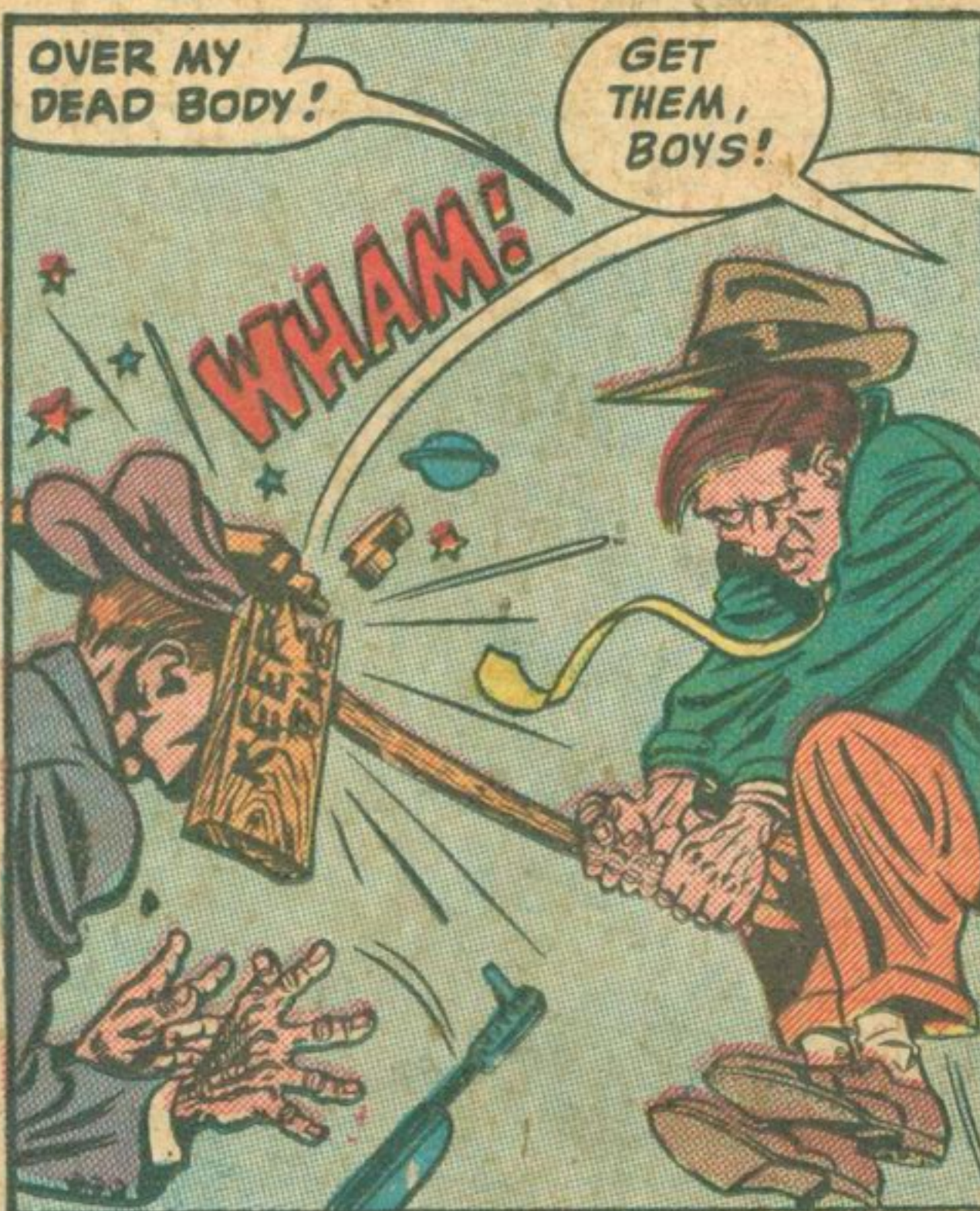
SO THIS IS MY BEAT! I DON'T SEE ANY CRIMINALS!

PARDON ME, OFFICER, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'RE CUT OUT FOR THIS KIND OF WORK! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO MARRY ME INSTEAD?

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! MY CAREER MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME!







Ammon-Ra's CURSE

"ISN'T this colorful, Darrel!" Martha Roberts exclaimed excitedly as they pushed their way through the noisy crowds of the desert village bazaar. "Daddy can go on poking through that dusty Egyptian tomb forever for all I care. I don't think I will ever want to leave."

"If you keep on buying curios and souvenirs," Darrel commented drily, "we'll have to charter a boat to haul it all away." As they continued down the narrow, twisting street they noticed a tall, burnoosed Egyptian who struggled toward them through the milling crowd.

"Why, that's Ali, father's dragoman," Martha remarked in surprise. "I wonder why he is here?"

The white-clad figure reached Darrel's side saying breathlessly, "I am glad to have found you, effendi. There has been an accident in the tomb Doctor Roberts was exploring. A great rock slab slipped into the tunnel and trapped him."

"You've started rescue operations?" Darrel asked, trying to conceal his concern.

"The diggers refuse to enter the passageway now," Ali said. "They believe the curse of Ammon-Ra has fallen upon Doctor Roberts for disturbing the temple. I do not believe in such ancient superstitions," he added, "but it is impossible for me to effect rescue alone."

"I'll go to the temple right now, Ali," Darrel muttered. "You try to round up men who will help. Time is important . . . how serious is Dr. Roberts' situation?"

The tall Egyptian lowered his eyes at Darrel's question. "I do not know, effendi. Since the accident I have heard nothing from inside the tunnel."

The three hurried from the bazaar and gained the street where Ali had parked the jeep. With a sob Martha flung herself into the car. "Hurry, Darrel," she cried. "Daddy must be hurt." Soberly, Darrel took the wheel and drove south.

By the time they reached the temple of Ammon-Ra it was sundown. The dry desert air was already cool, an indication of the bitter cold the night would bring. The last ruddy

rays of the sun caught the sandstone bluffs to the east, the only brightness in otherwise bleak surroundings.

"You better remain in the jeep, Martha," Darrel cautioned. "If there was one slide, it is possible that another will be set off. Our mutual friend Doll Man is the most logical one to enter the passageway."

Reluctantly, Martha agreed to stay behind. Darrel, after taking a flashlight from the glove compartment, sprang from the jeep and made his way to the partially excavated building. A huddle of natives hung fearfully about the entrance to the tunnel. They murmured uneasily as he brushed past them and plunged into the darkness.

Just inside the entrance Darrel placed the light on the smooth sandstone floor. Then, by exerting his tremendous will power, he compressed his body molecules to become the mighty Doll Man. He picked up the flashlight, now huge by comparison, and raced down the passageway.

About fifty feet farther on, his progress was barred by what seemed to be a stone wall. He played his light around the edges of the stone and noticed that a corner of it was broken. Quickly, he propped up the light and began an attempt to enlarge the small opening. By digging in the sand just under the broken piece he soon had a hole large enough for his tiny body. Retrieving the light, he wriggled through.


Doll Man found the Doctor's crumpled form just on the other side of the stone slab. He flashed his light to the far wall. Set in a niche was a life-like statue of a leering, ram-headed Egyptian idol.

Dr. Roberts groaned as Doll Man rolled him over and propped him against the pedestal of the statue.

The pedestal shifted with the weight and with a harsh grating sound the great stone slab slipped back into place as part of the wall.

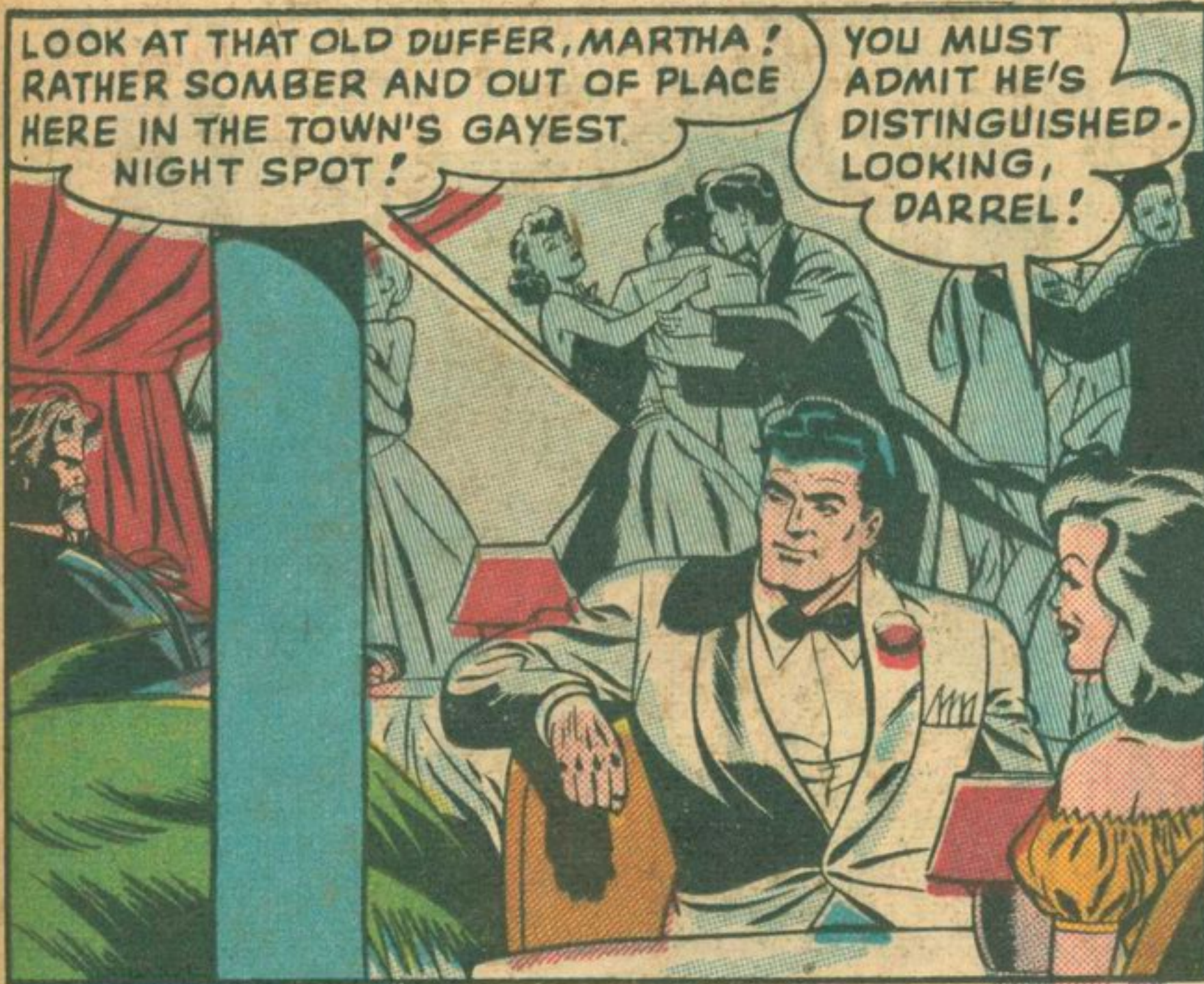
Dr. Roberts revived rapidly, once they gained the chill evening air outside. "The curse of Ammon-Ra was nothing more than a trap set seven thousand years ago," he observed. "But if Doll Man hadn't come along it might well have been fatal for me."

The DOLL MAN



THE FOOL KILLER IS AT WORK!
He sees his duty to kill the fools who infest the world! Who decides who these fools are? Who but the **FOOL KILLER**... until the **DOLL MAN** opposes him!

When quiet, good-humored Darrel Dane sees a menace to peace and order, he summons his will power to become the Doll Man, mightiest mite of action in all history!



LOOK AT THAT OLD DUFFER, MARTHA! RATHER SOMBER AND OUT OF PLACE HERE IN THE TOWN'S GAYEST NIGHT SPOT!

YOU MUST ADMIT HE'S DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING, DARREL!



LET US BE GAY...TURN NIGHT INTO DAY...

FOOLS...FOOLS--ALL AROUND ME! FOOLS AS WERE THEIR FATHERS BEFORE THEM!



AND THEIR CHILDREN AFTER THEM WILL BE FOOLS, TOO! A FOOLISH WORLD, WHERE WISDOM IS THOUGHT FOOLISH!

HELLO, OVER THERE! YOU SEEM LONELY! WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US AT OUR TABLE?



MY NAME'S DARREL DANE, AND THIS IS MY FIANCEE, MISS MARTHA ROBERTS! WE FEEL LIKE HAVING A GOOD TIME AND WE'D BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU ENJOY YOURSELF, TOO!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU TWO ARE **FOOLS** LIKE ALL THE REST OF MANKIND!



I DESPAIR OF ANYONE LEARNING THE STERN TRUTH OF LIFE'S REALITY! FOOLS, EVERYONE... BETTER OFF DEAD!

YOU REMIND ME OF THAT OLD SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE **FOOL KILLER!**

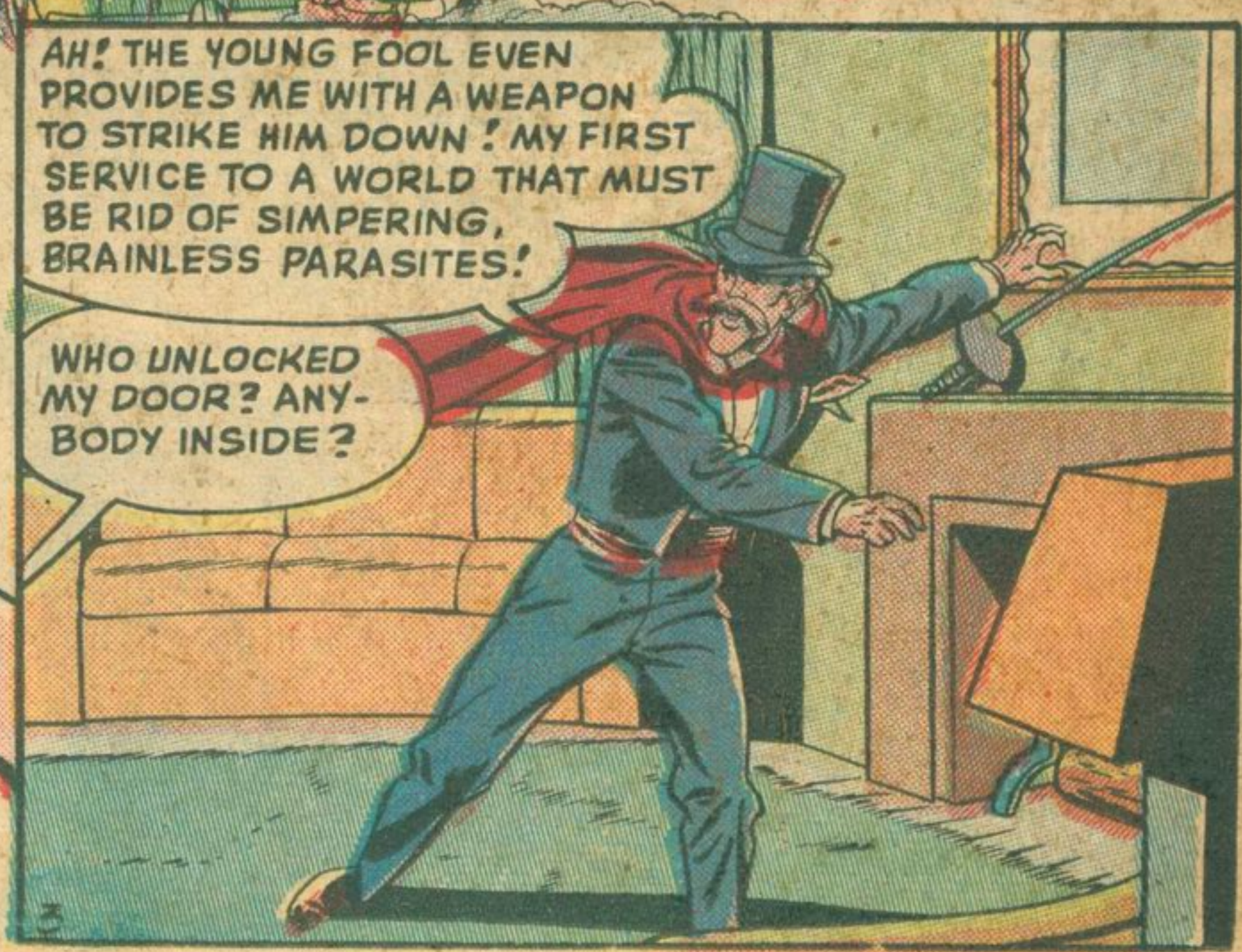
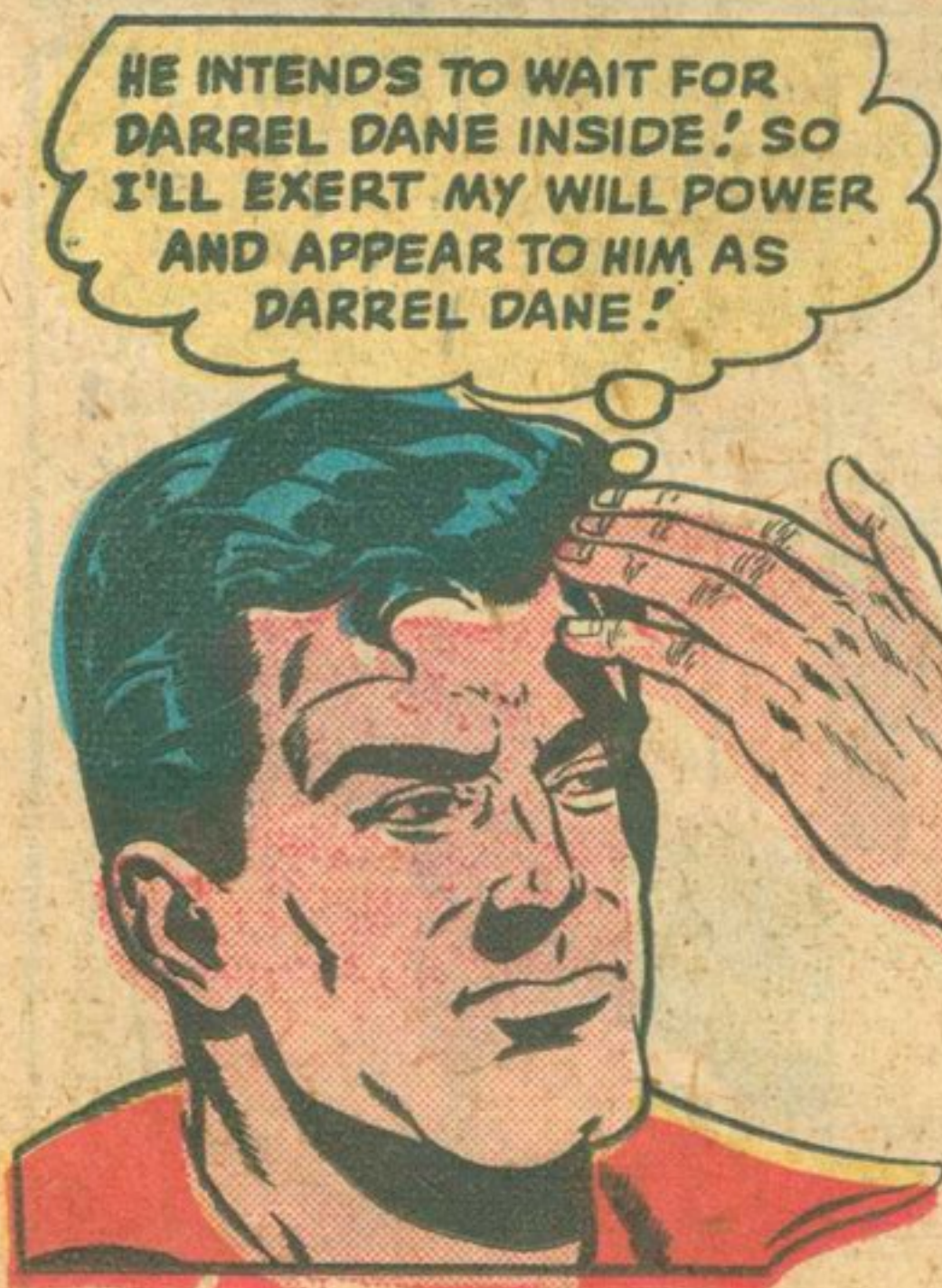


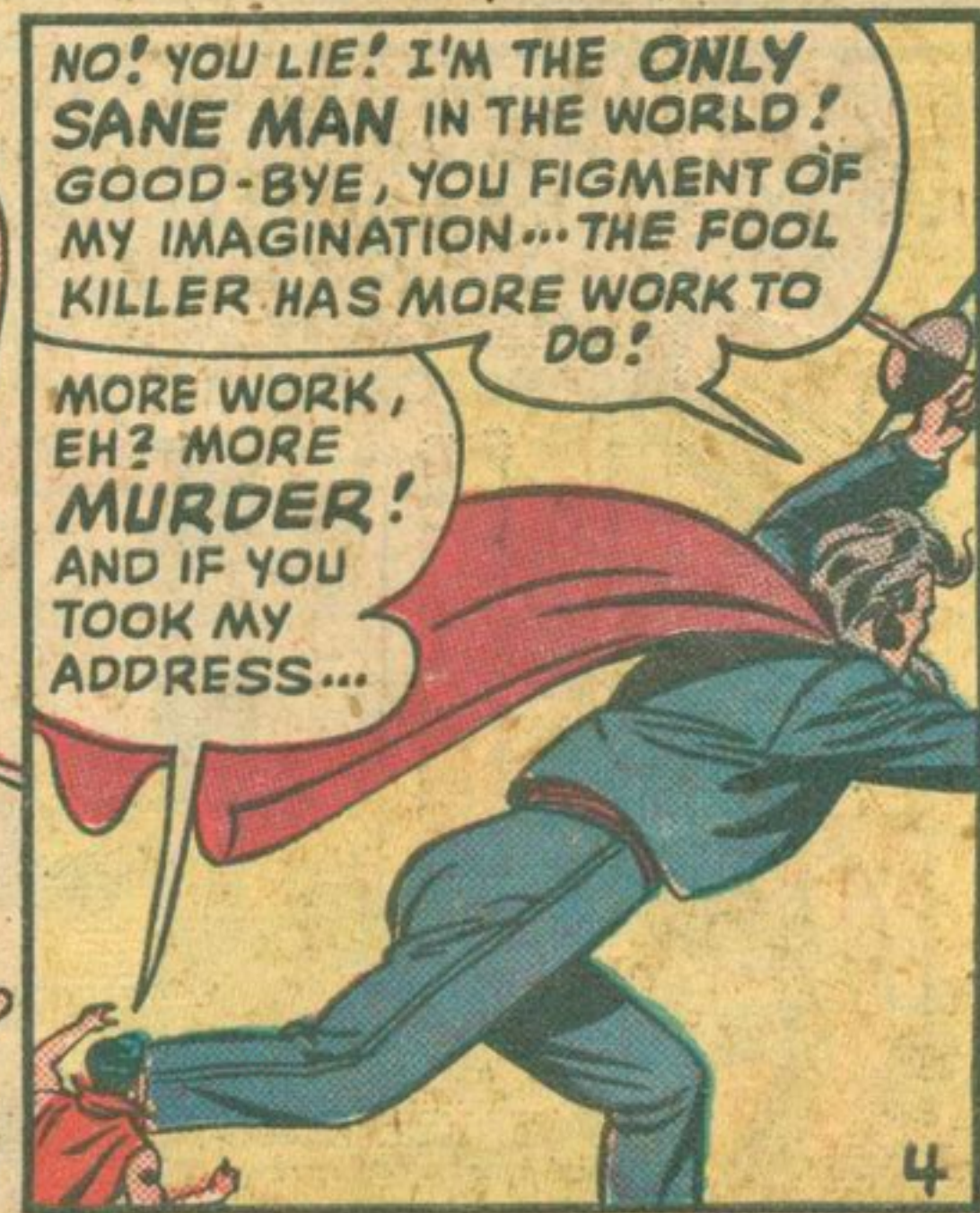
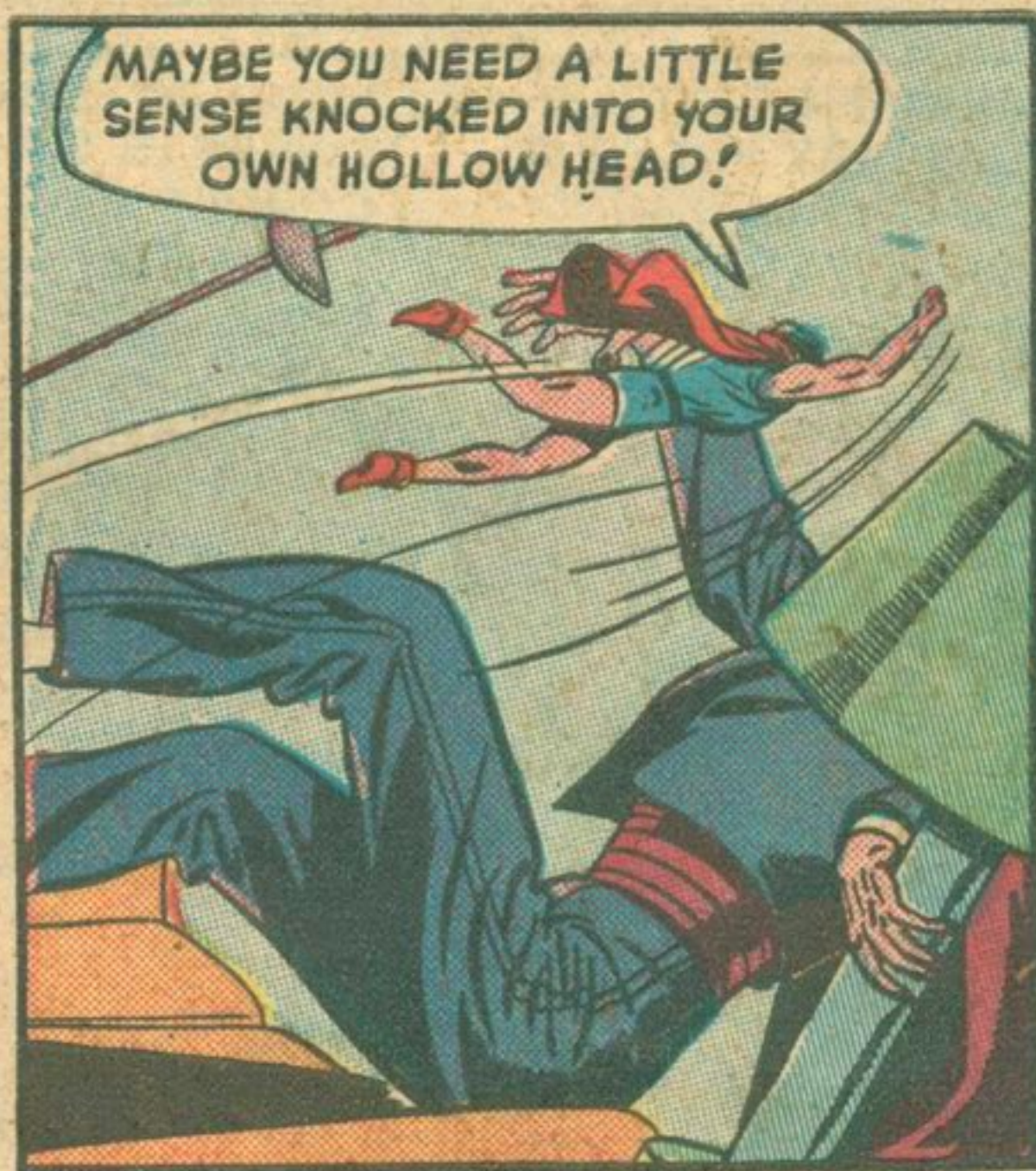
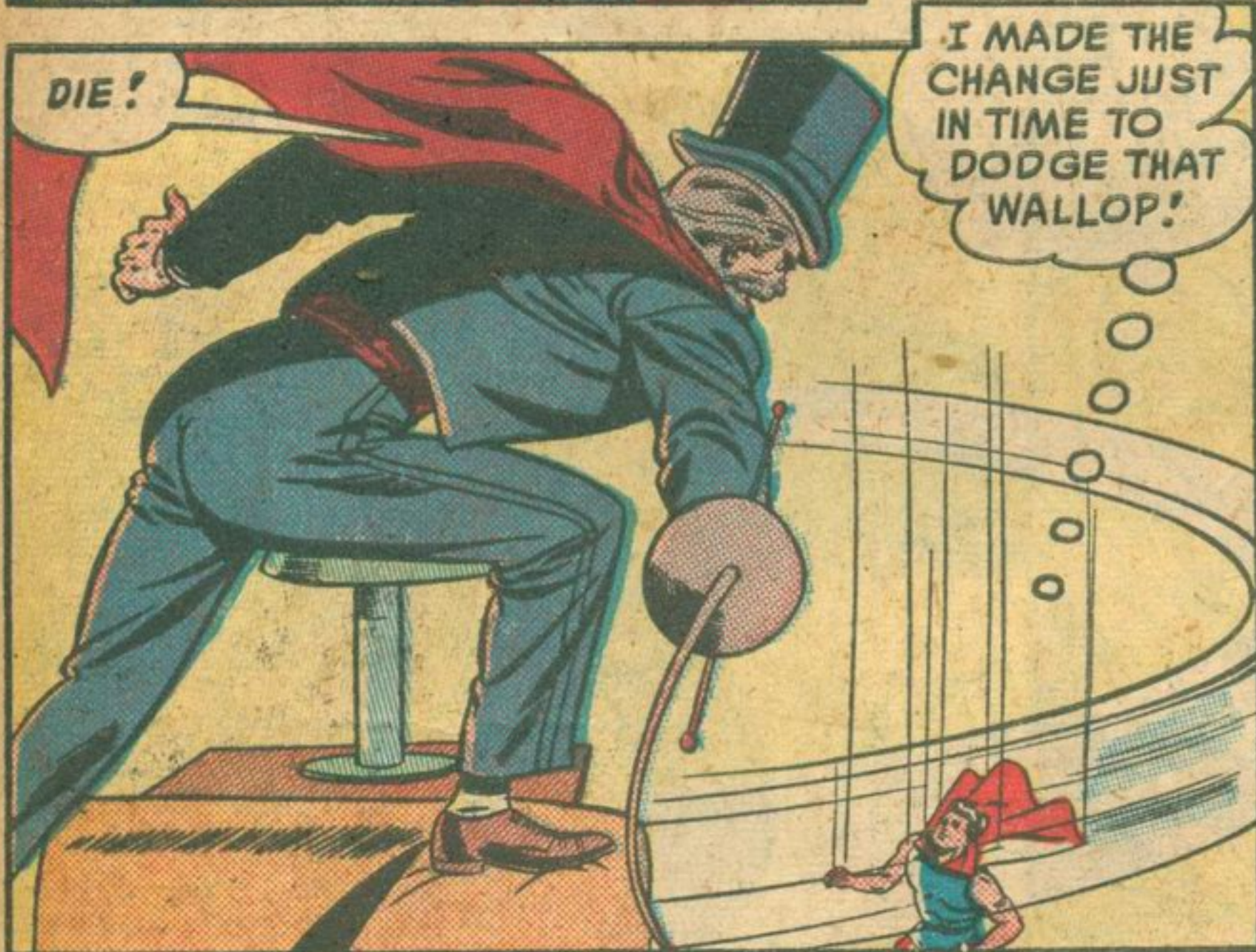
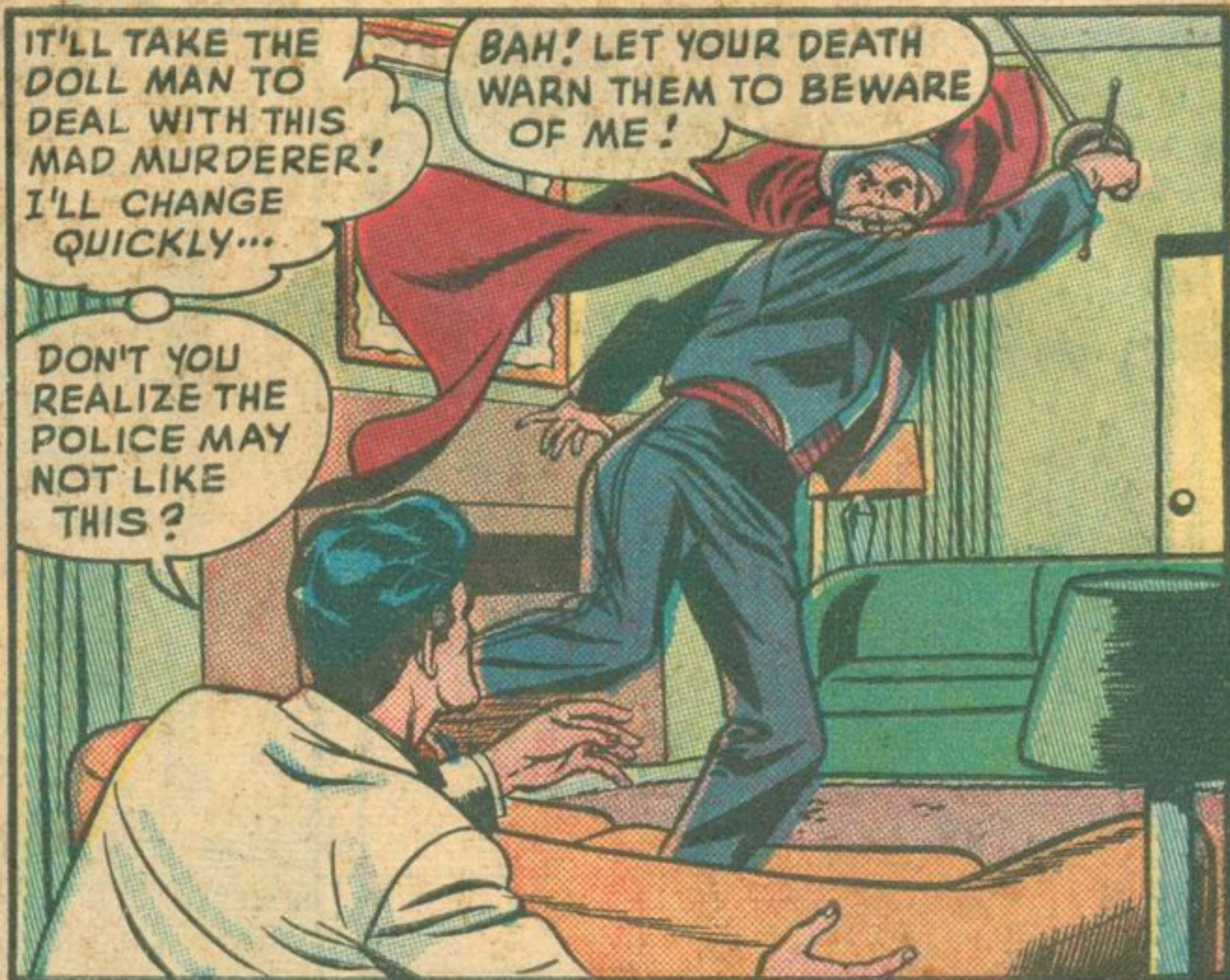
FOOL KILLER? HA! MAYBE YOU'VE SPOKEN WISDOM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE! THERE **SHOULD** BE A FOOL KILLER IN THE WORLD... HE'D HAVE PLENTY OF WORK TO DO!



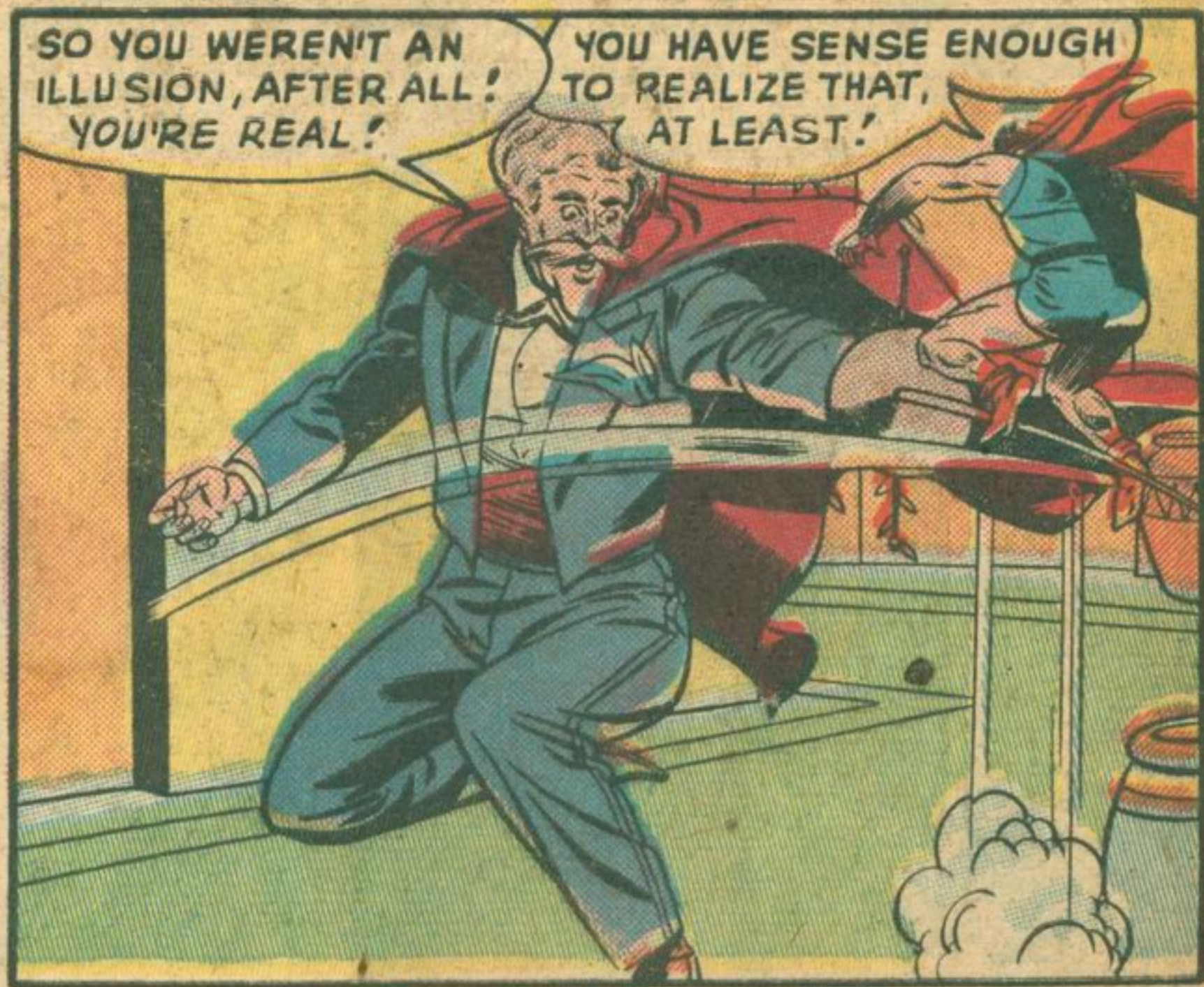
HE'S LEAVING! I'M KIND OF SORRY FOR HIM! AND HE'S A LITTLE... FRIGHTENING!

MMM! I HOPE I DIDN'T GIVE HIM A MURDEROUS INSPIRATION! MIND GOING HOME ALONE, DEAR? I'LL FOLLOW HIM!





DOLL MAN



IT WAS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE, DADDY! AN INTERESTING MAN... BUT RATHER EXCITINGLY CREEPY! DARREL FOLLOWED HIM TO CHECK UP!

I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! MAYBE DARREL'S COMING TO TELL US ALL ABOUT THE FELLOW!



I'M DR. ROBERTS, SIR! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM THE FOOL KILLER! AND I'M HERE TO HANDLE A PRESSING LITTLE PIECE OF BUSINESS!



I DON'T THINK... OHHH!

YOU'VE STRUCK DOWN MY FATHER! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



DON'T TOUCH THAT PHONE OR YOU DIE! SO YOUR FATHER IS DR. ROBERTS, THE SCIENTIST!

YES! YOU DON'T CONSIDER HIM ONE OF THE FOOLS YOU HATE!



ON THE CONTRARY... HE'S ONE OF THE WORLD'S FEW WISE MEN! THAT'S WHY I ONLY STUNNED HIM! BUT YOU... HIS DAUGHTER...

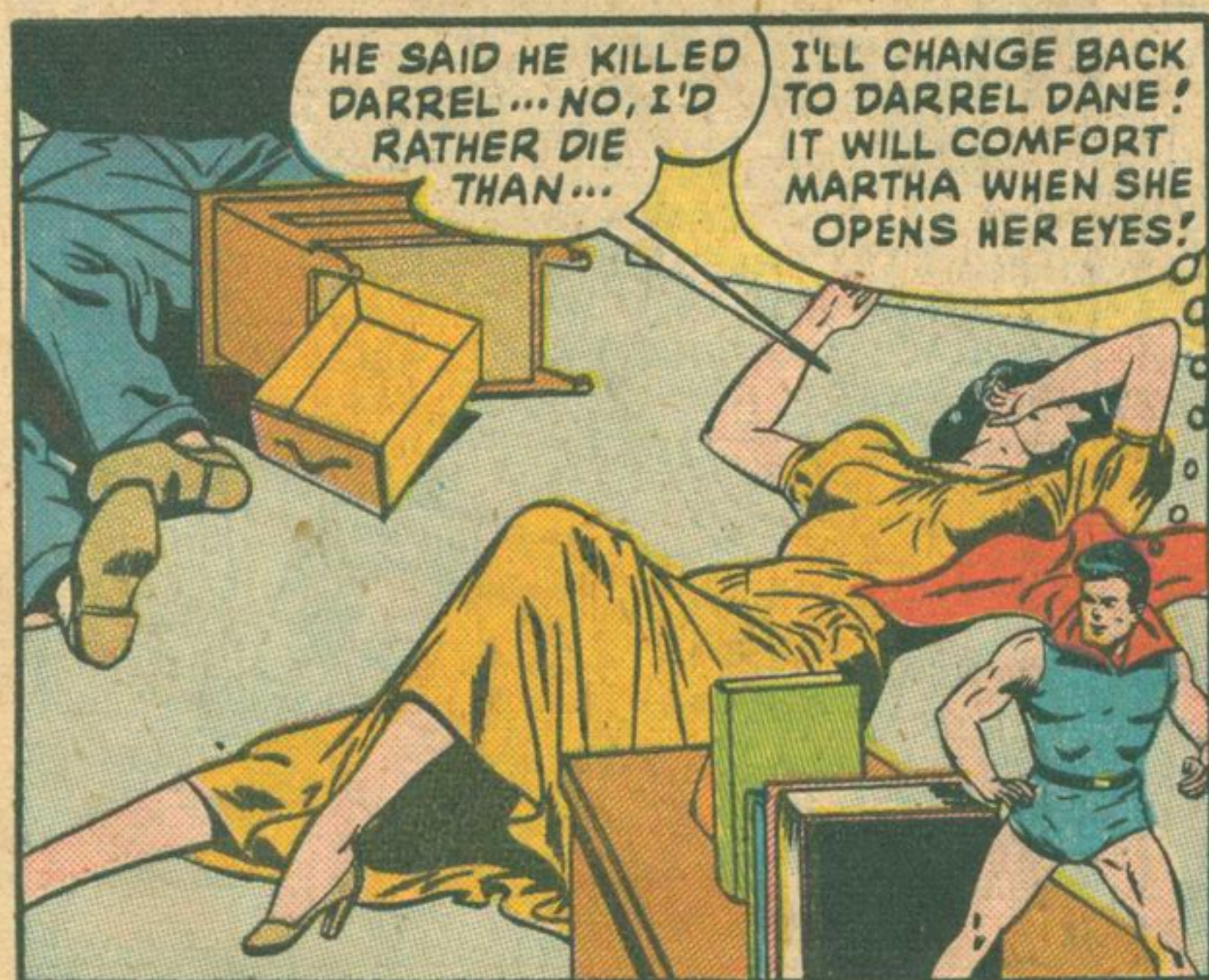
YOU CONSIDER ME A FOOL, AND BETTER OFF DEAD!

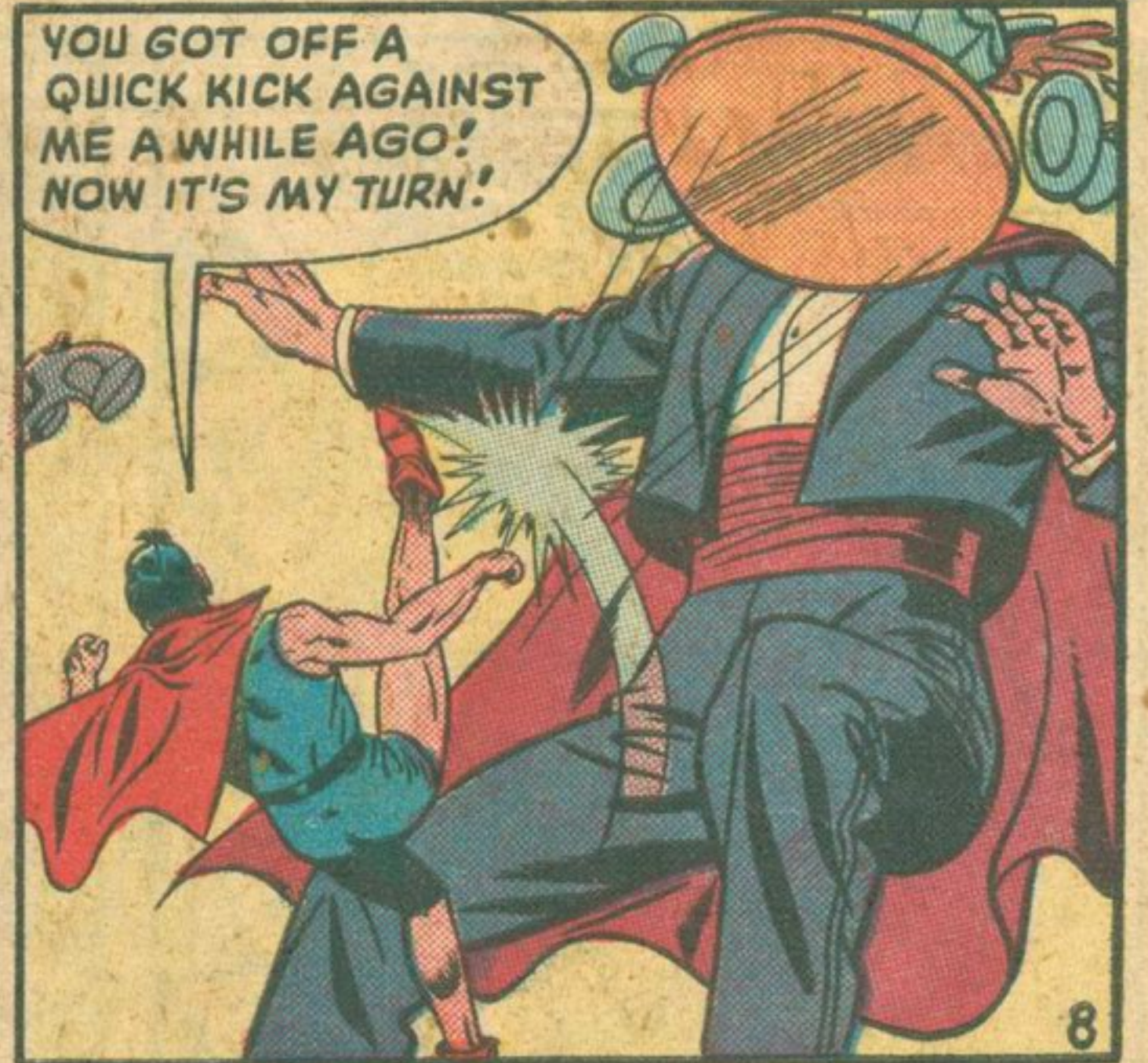
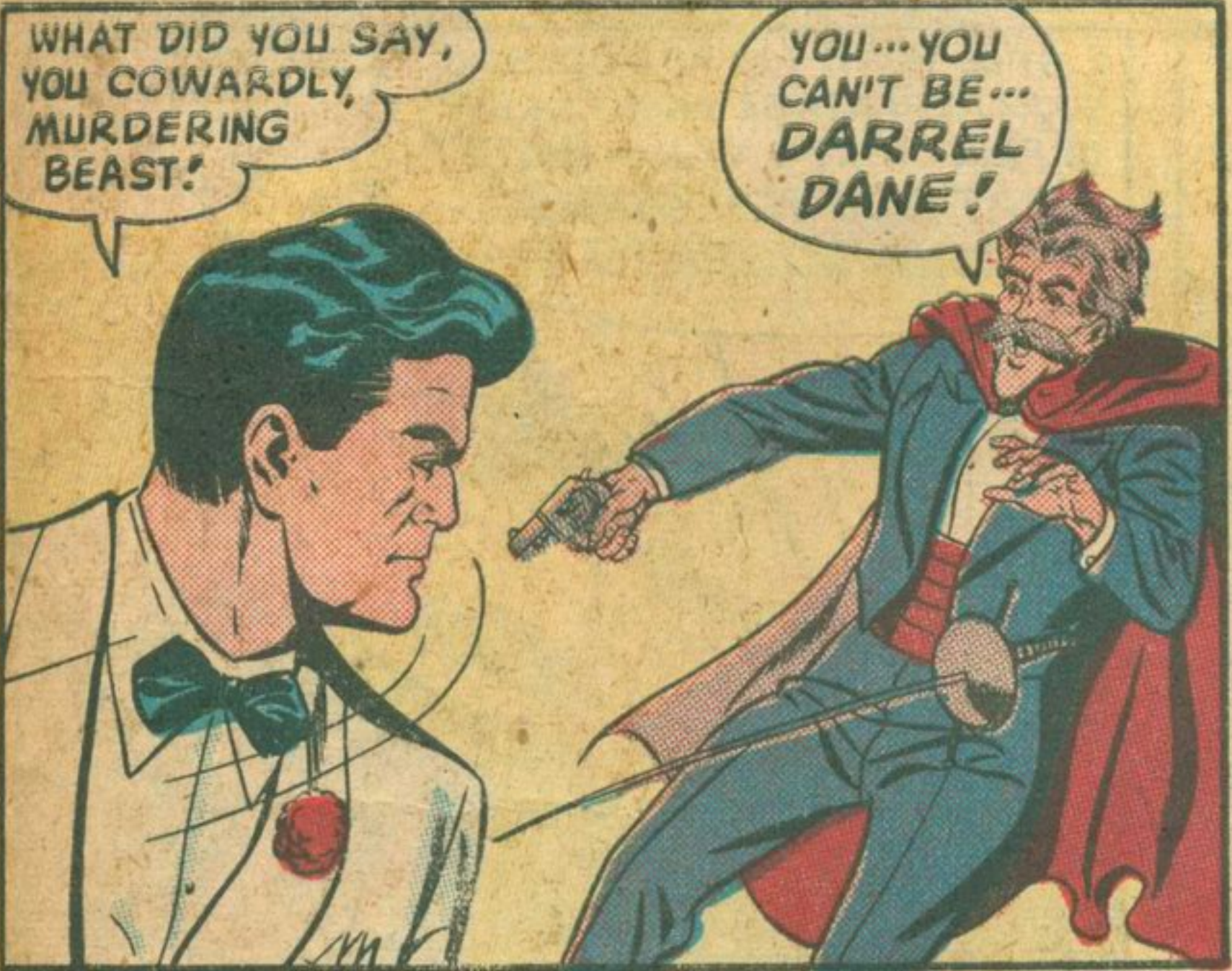
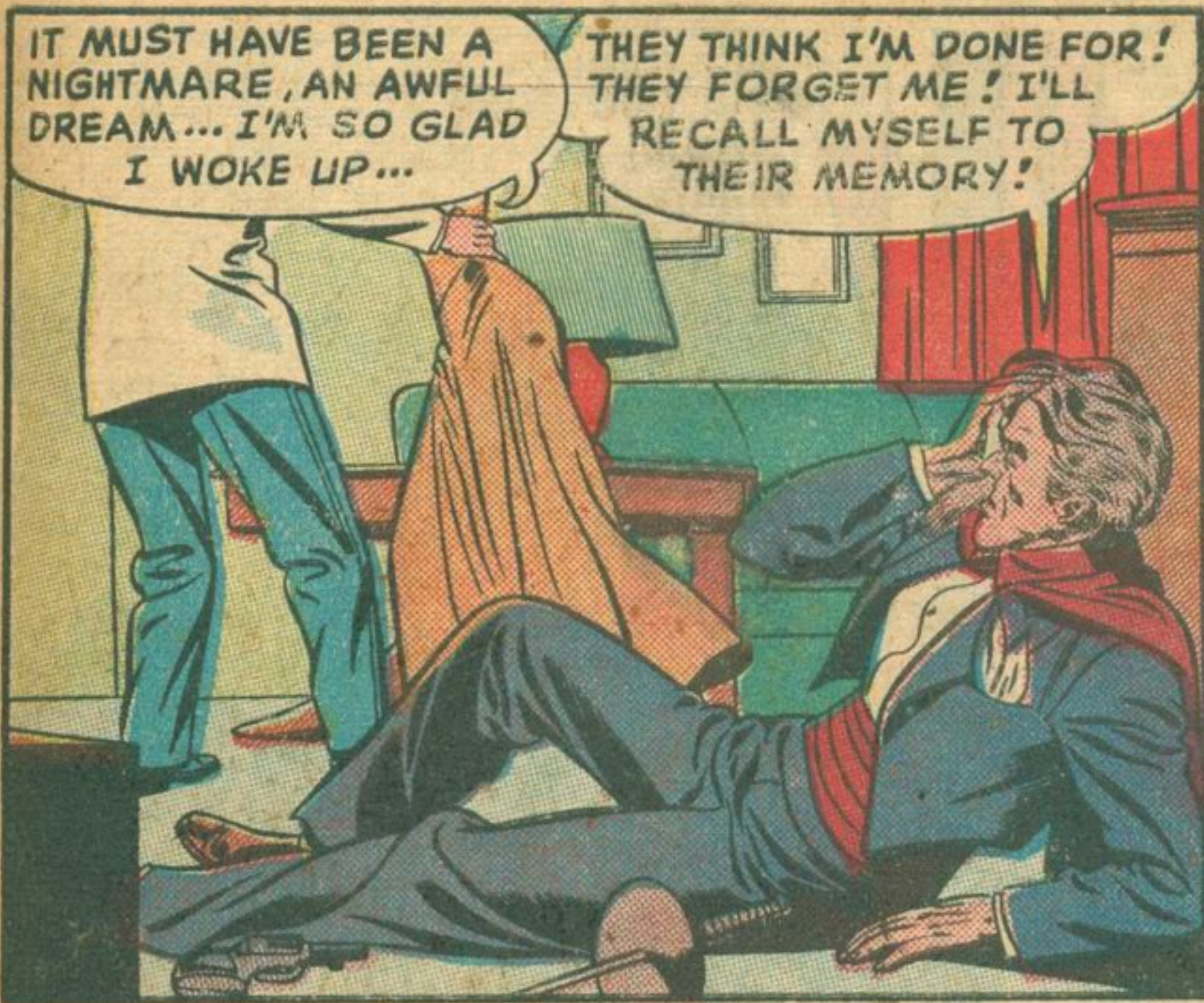


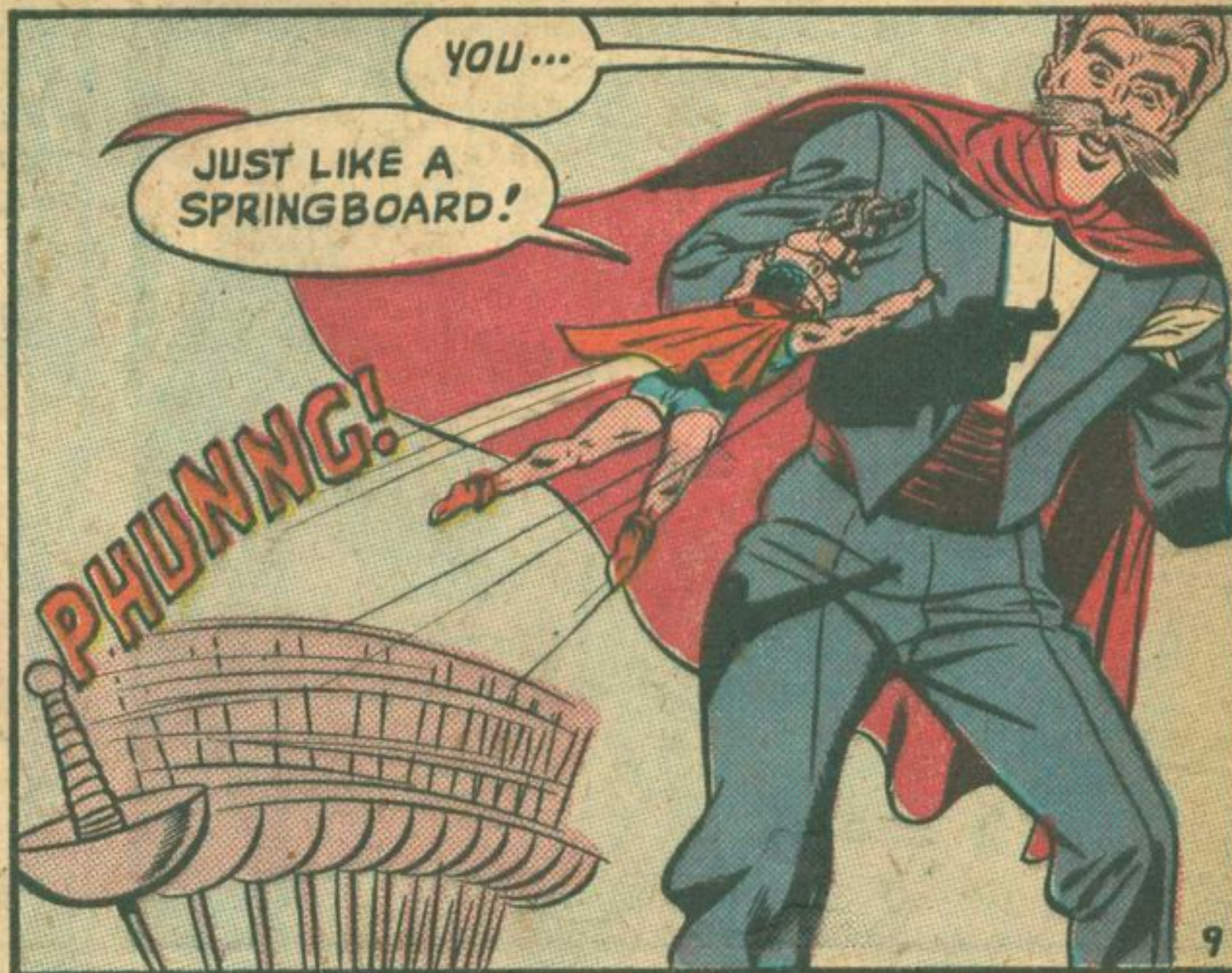
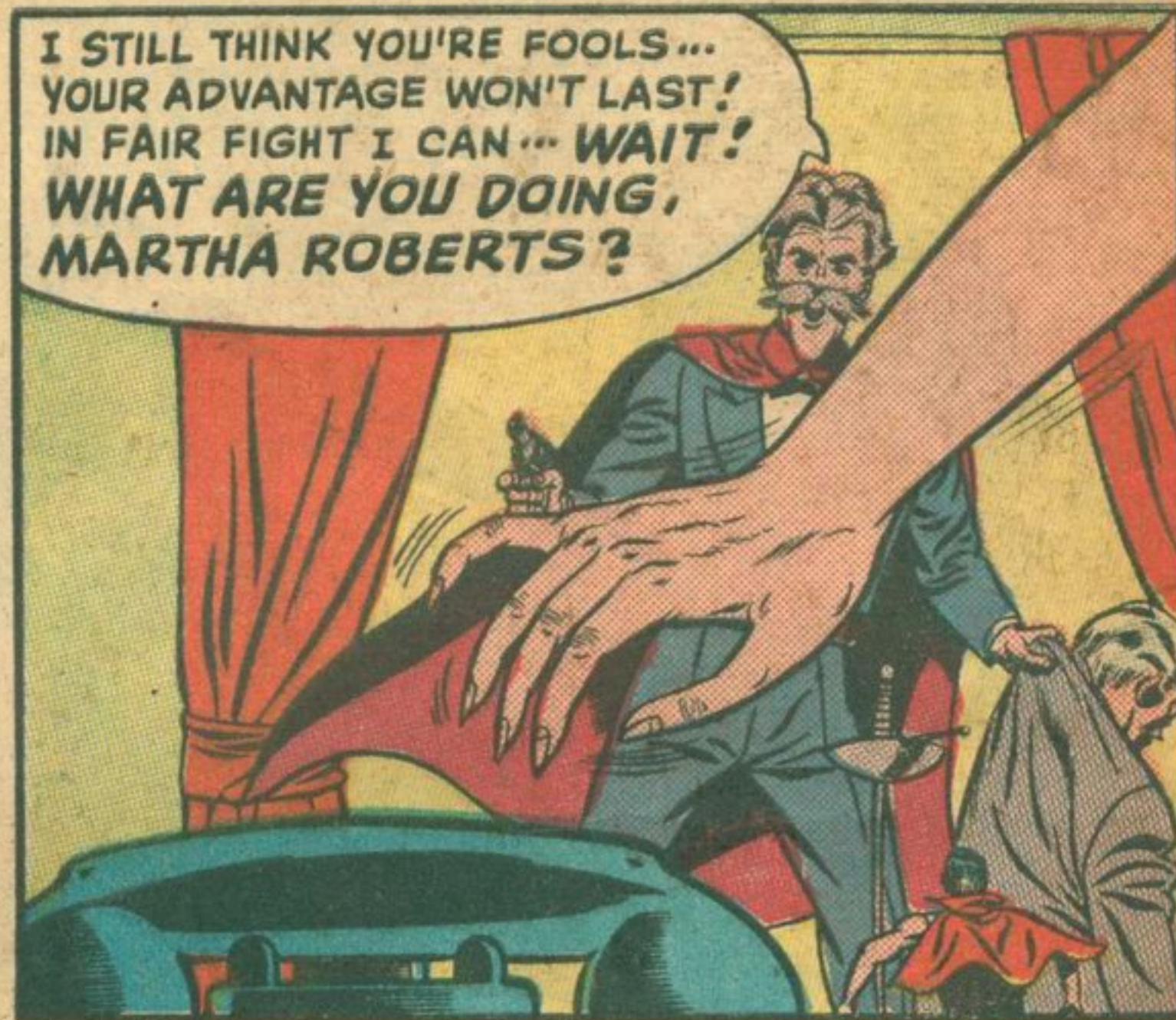
NOW, YOU JUST SAID A WISE THING! I'M HALF INCLINED TO SPARE YOU... LET YOU AND YOUR FATHER LIVE!

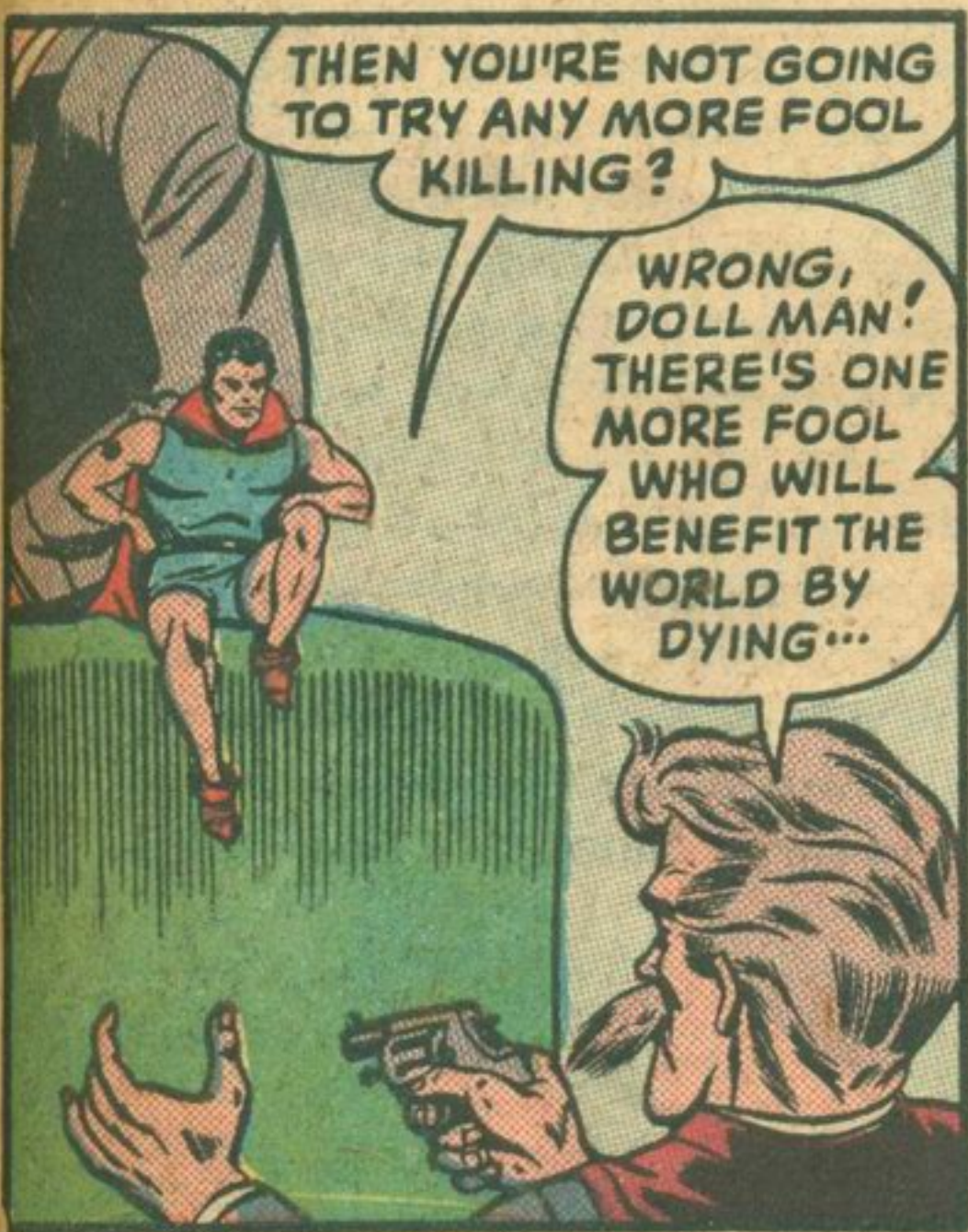
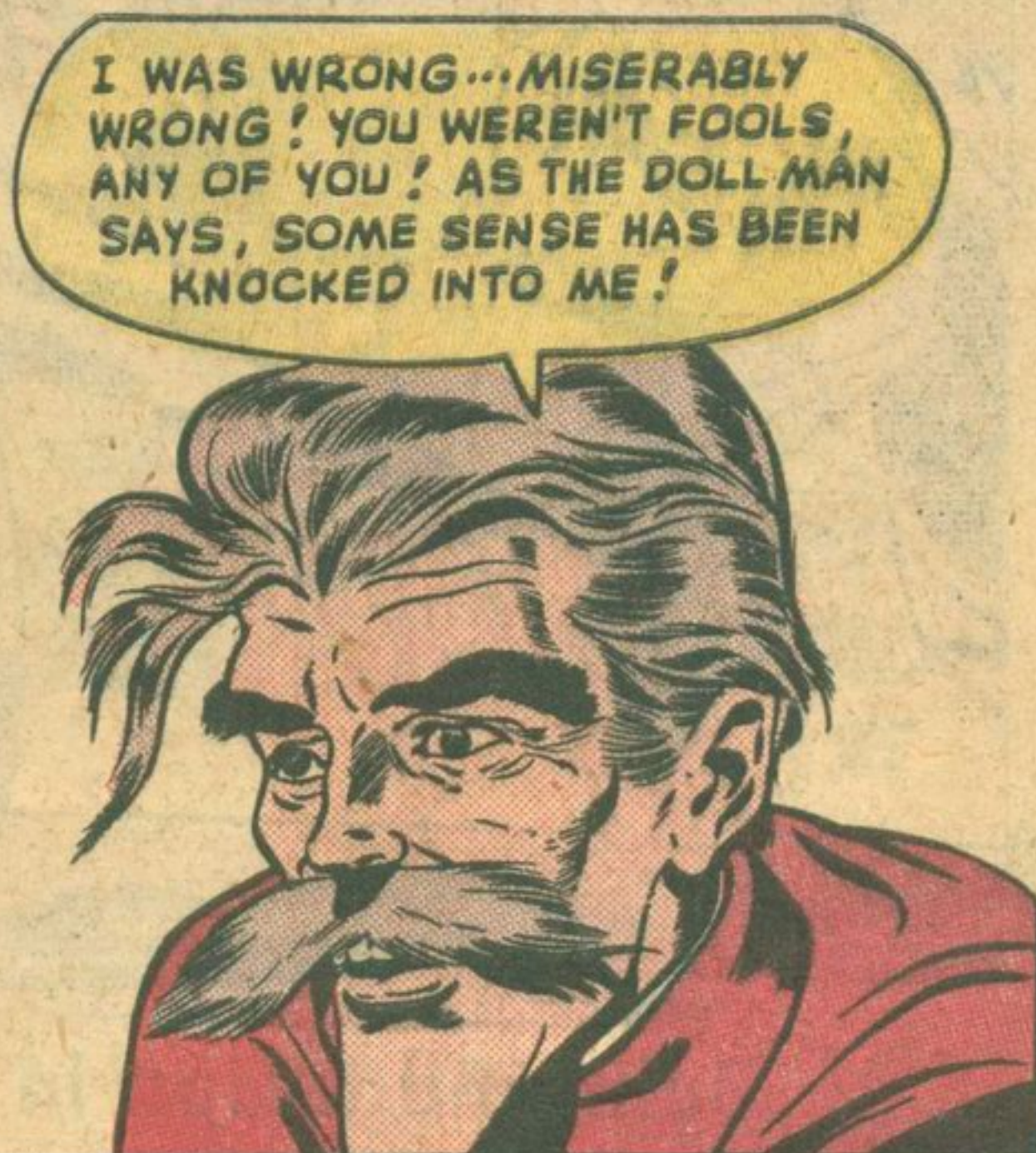
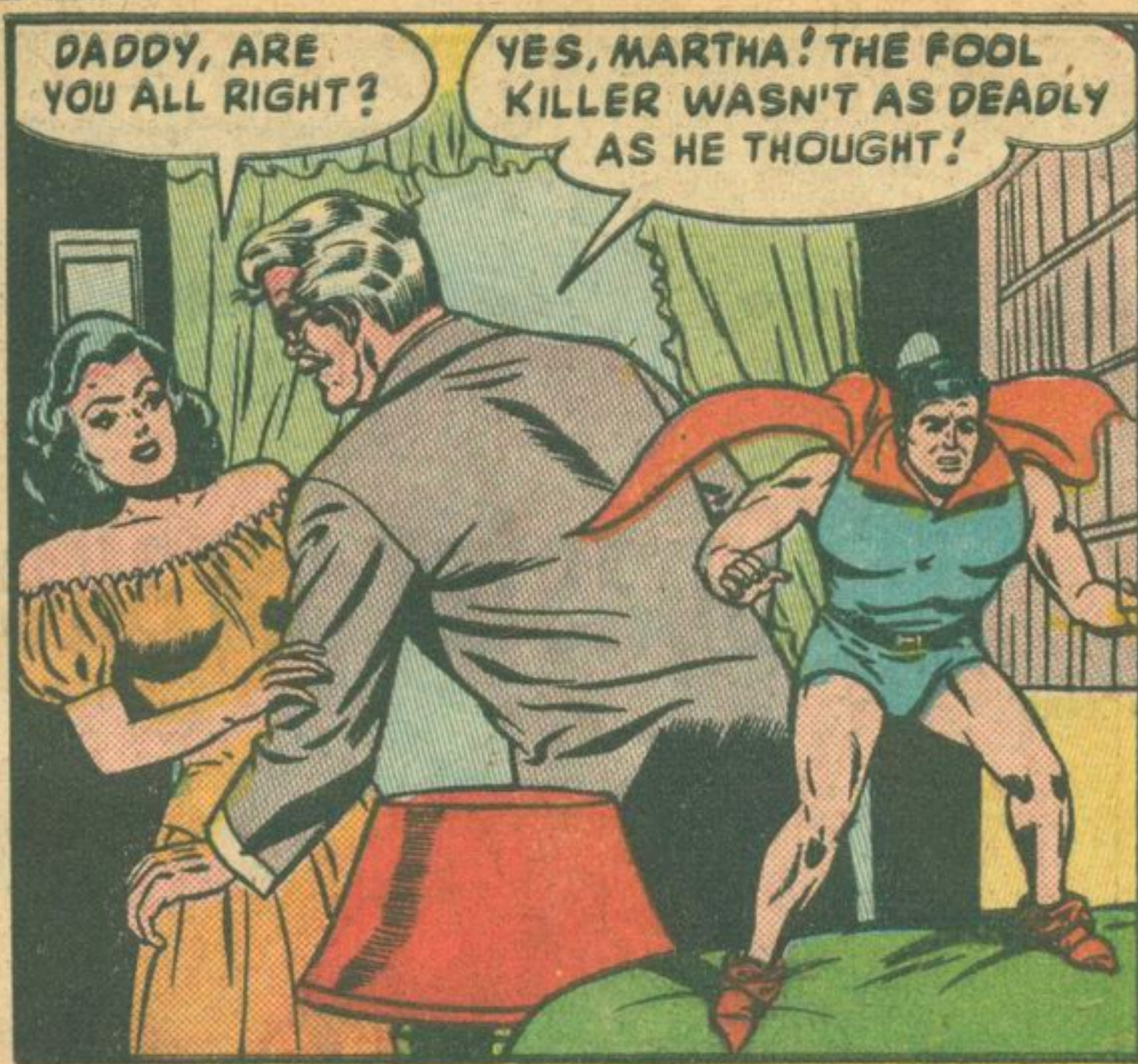
DO THAT! WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET THE PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE FOR YOUR VIOLENCE!





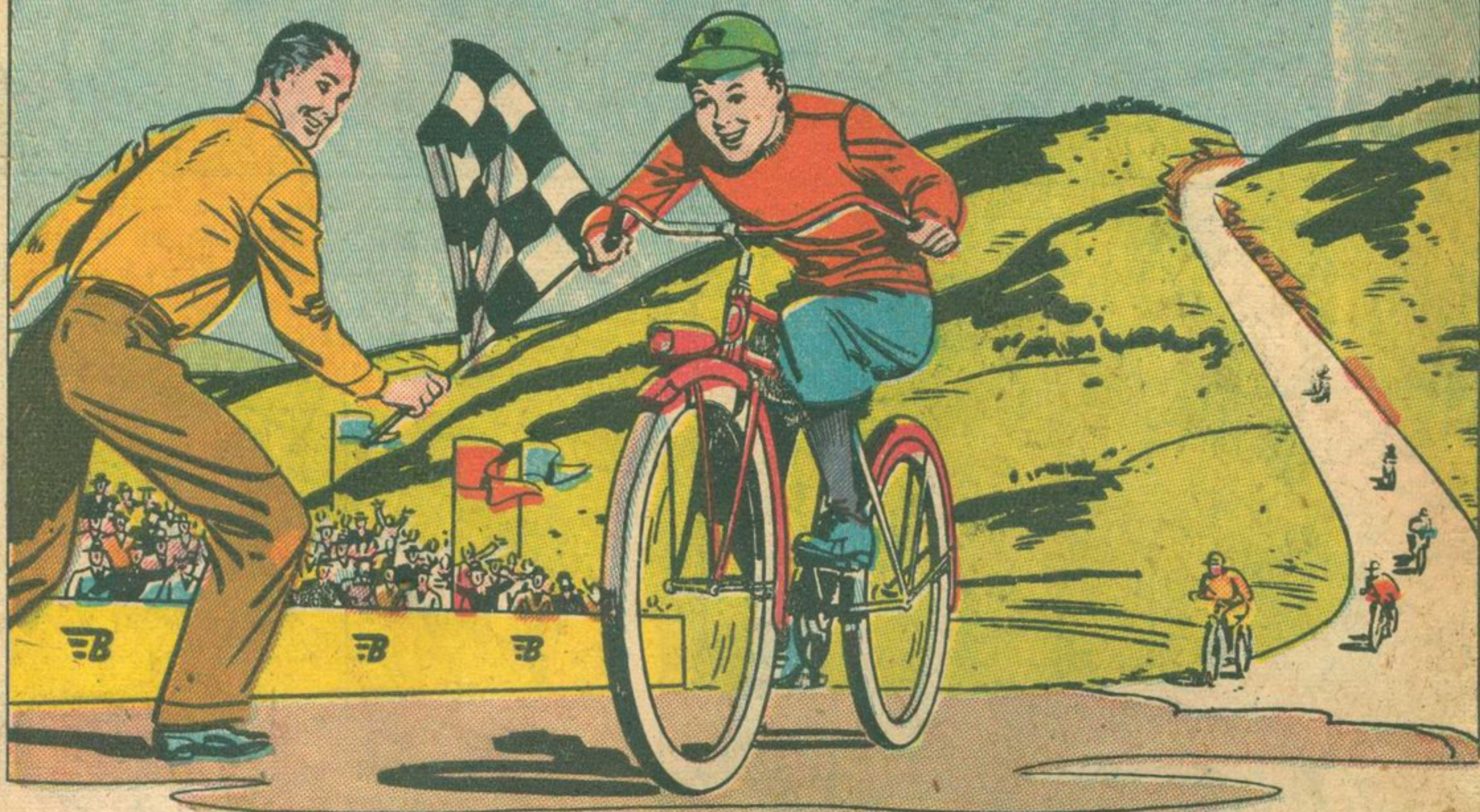




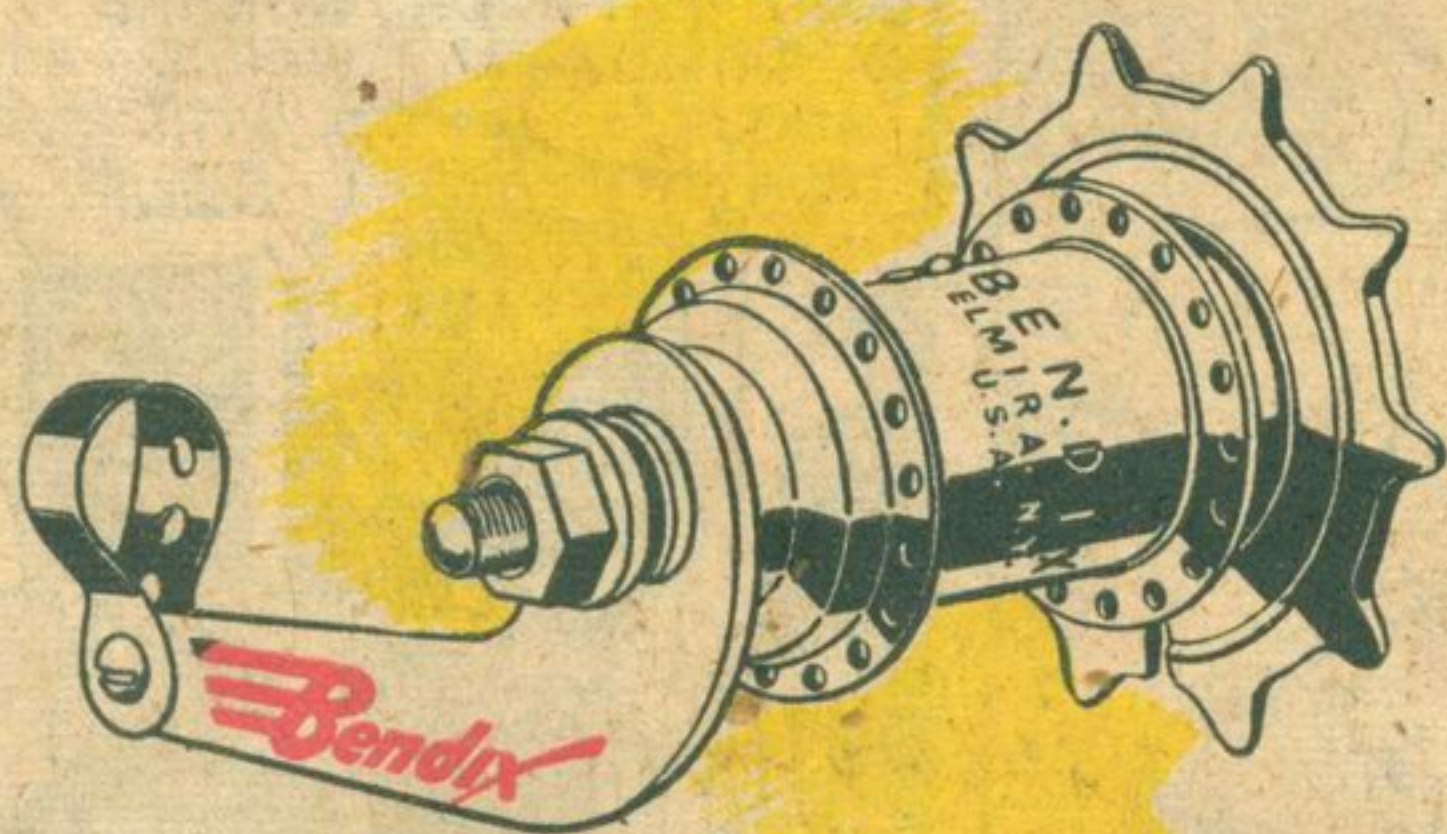




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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



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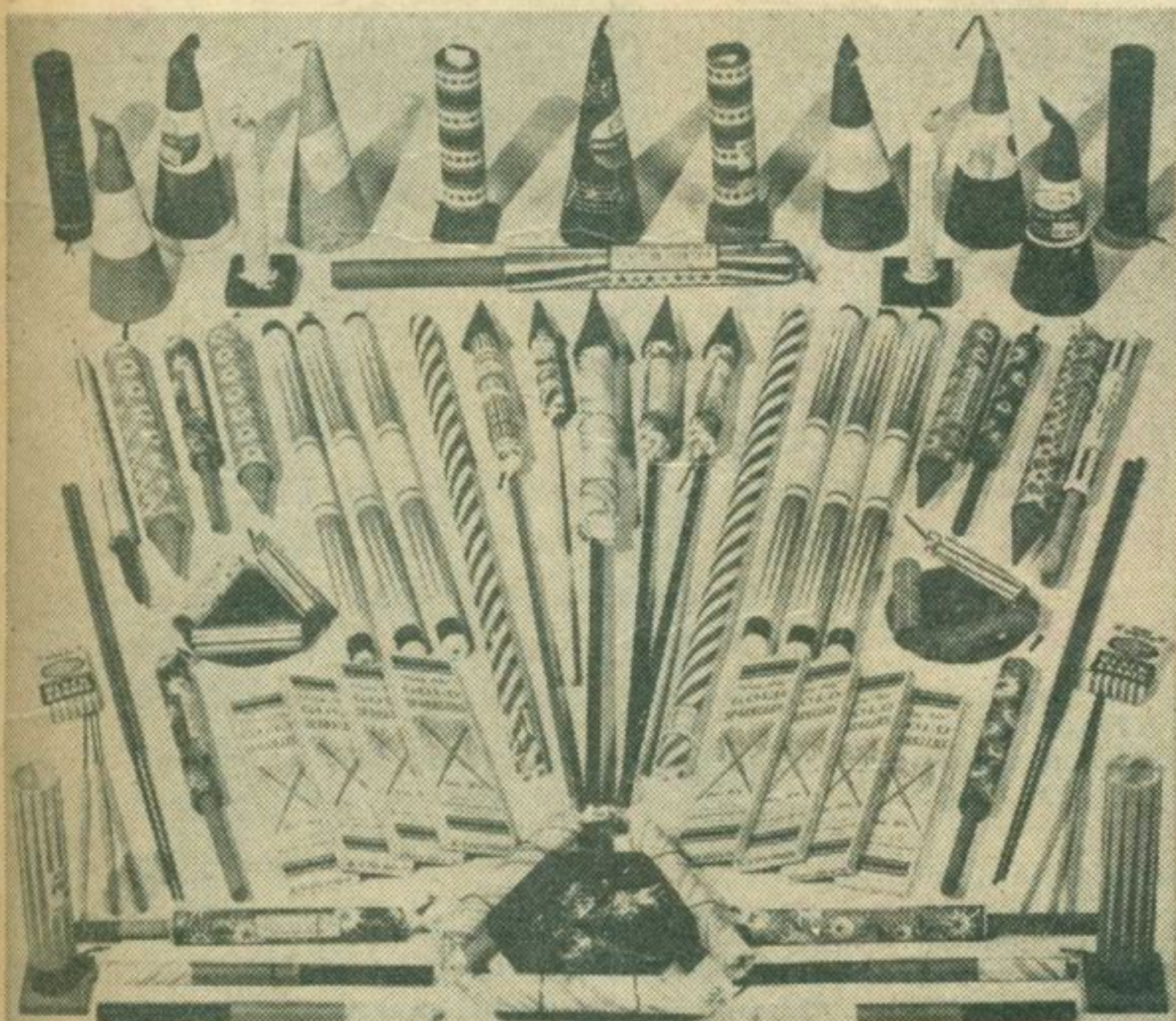
\$12⁰⁵

for only

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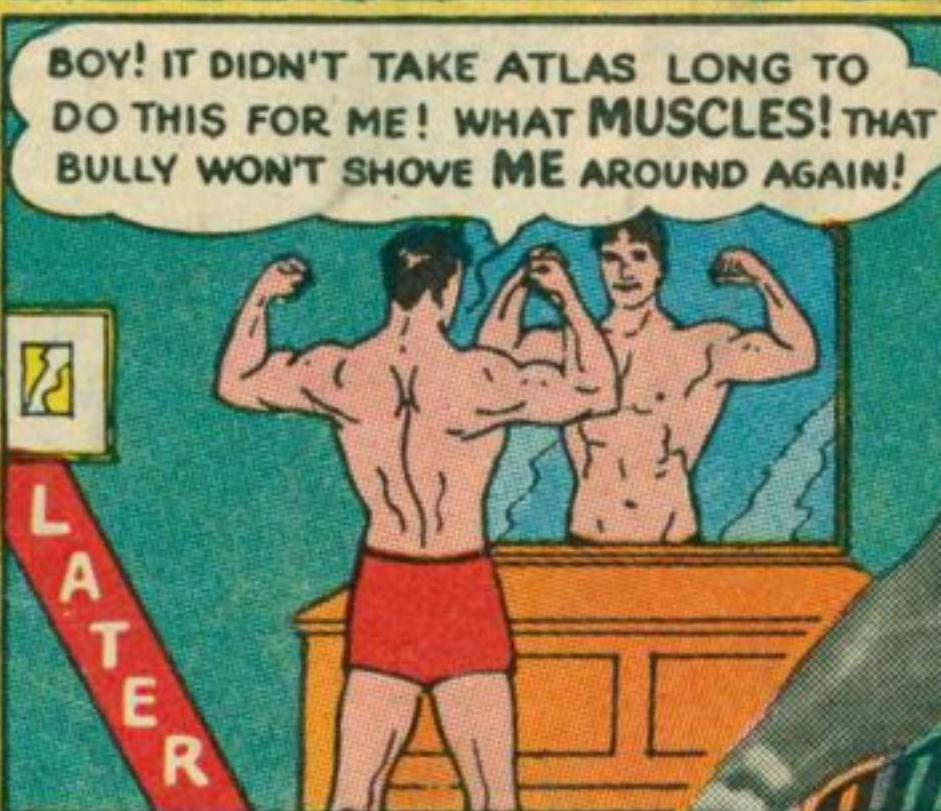
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Charles Atlas

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